

# THE RATTLE



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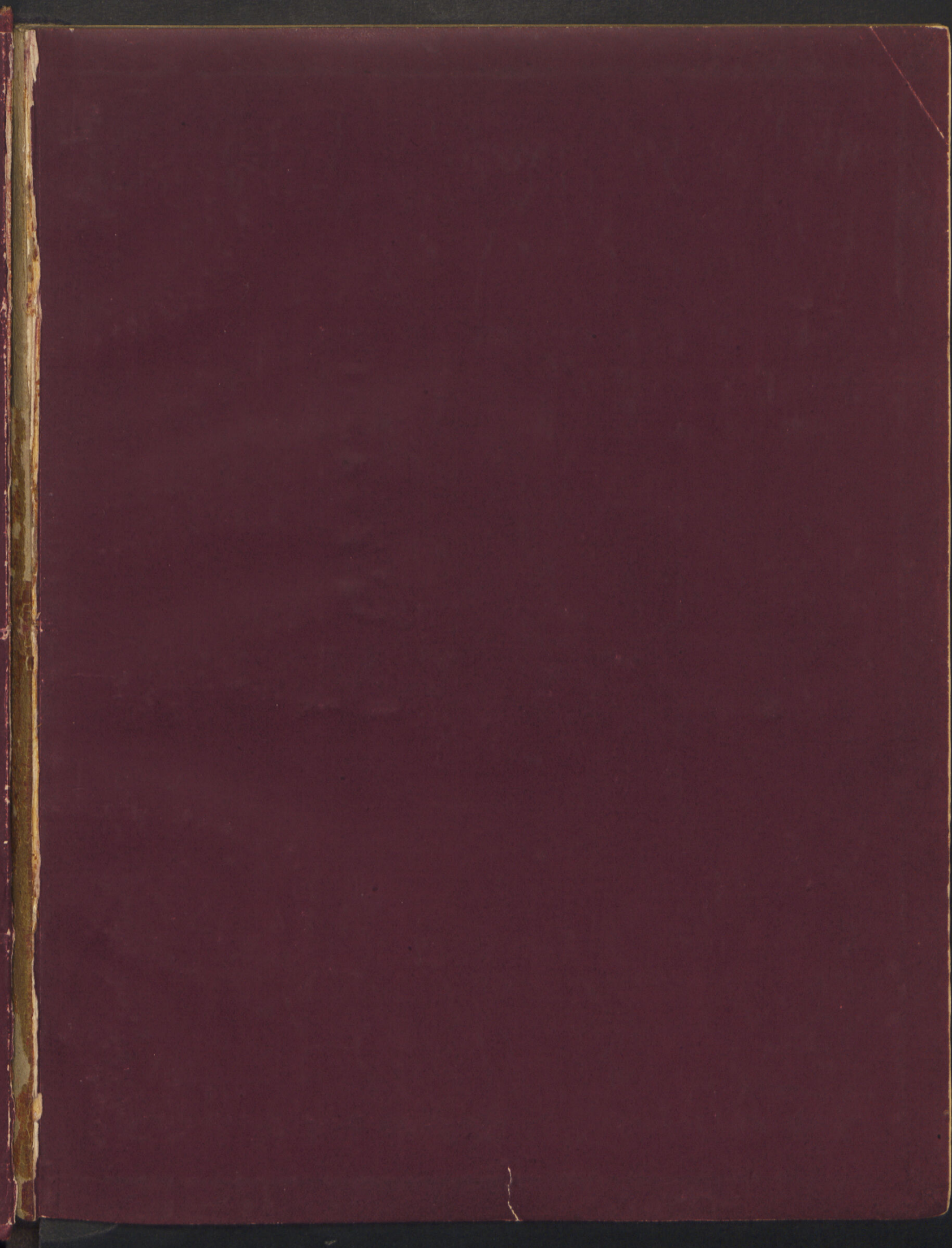
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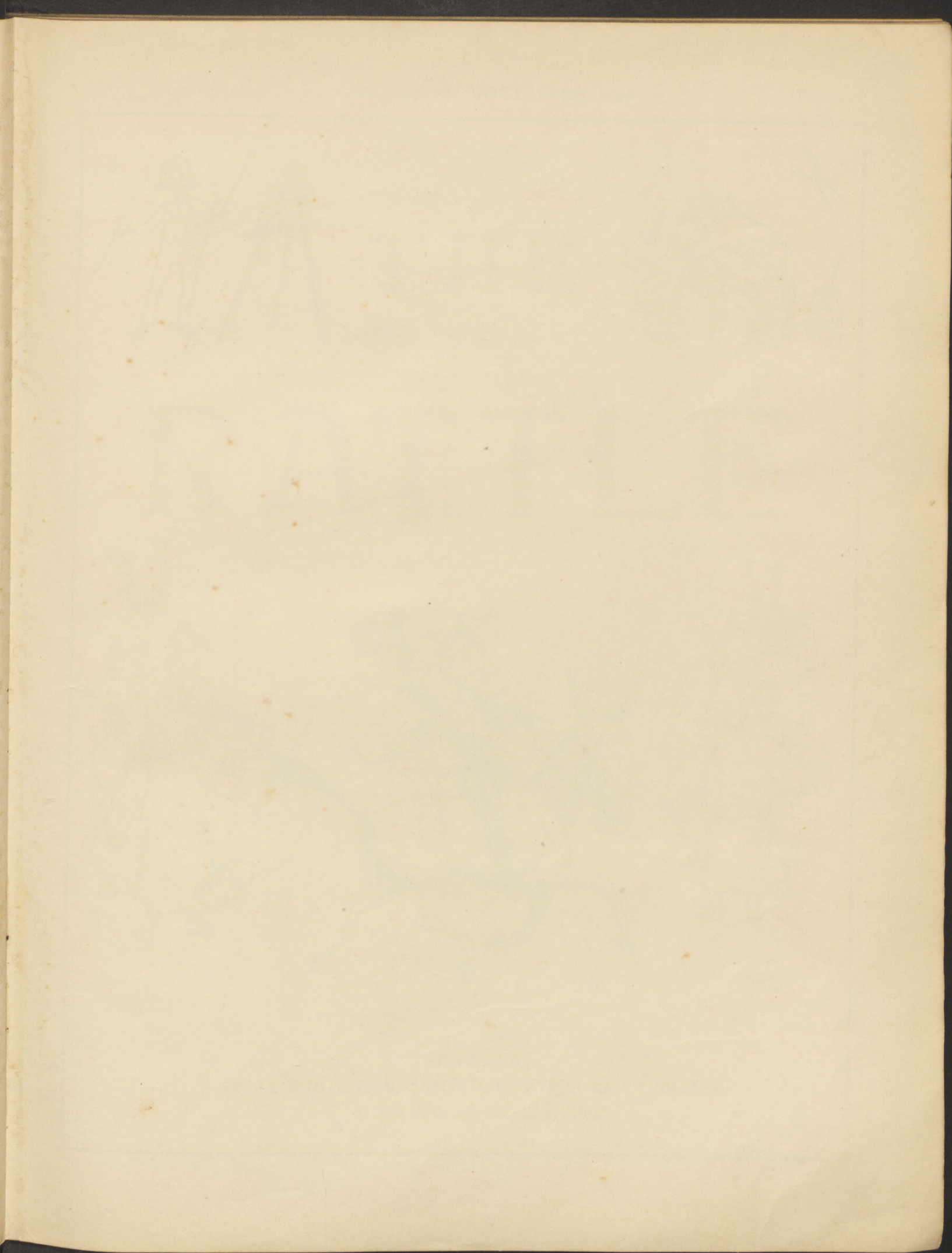




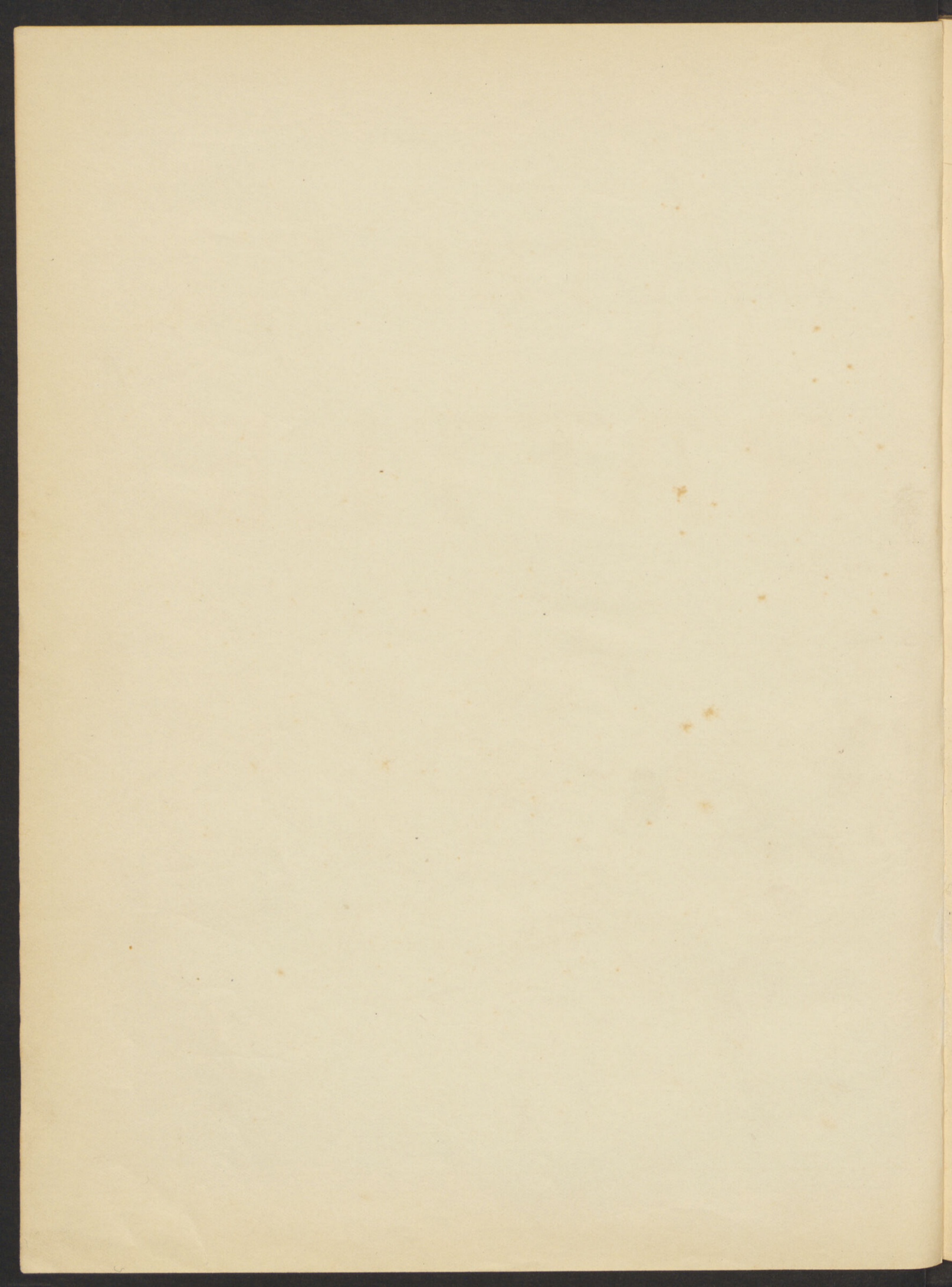








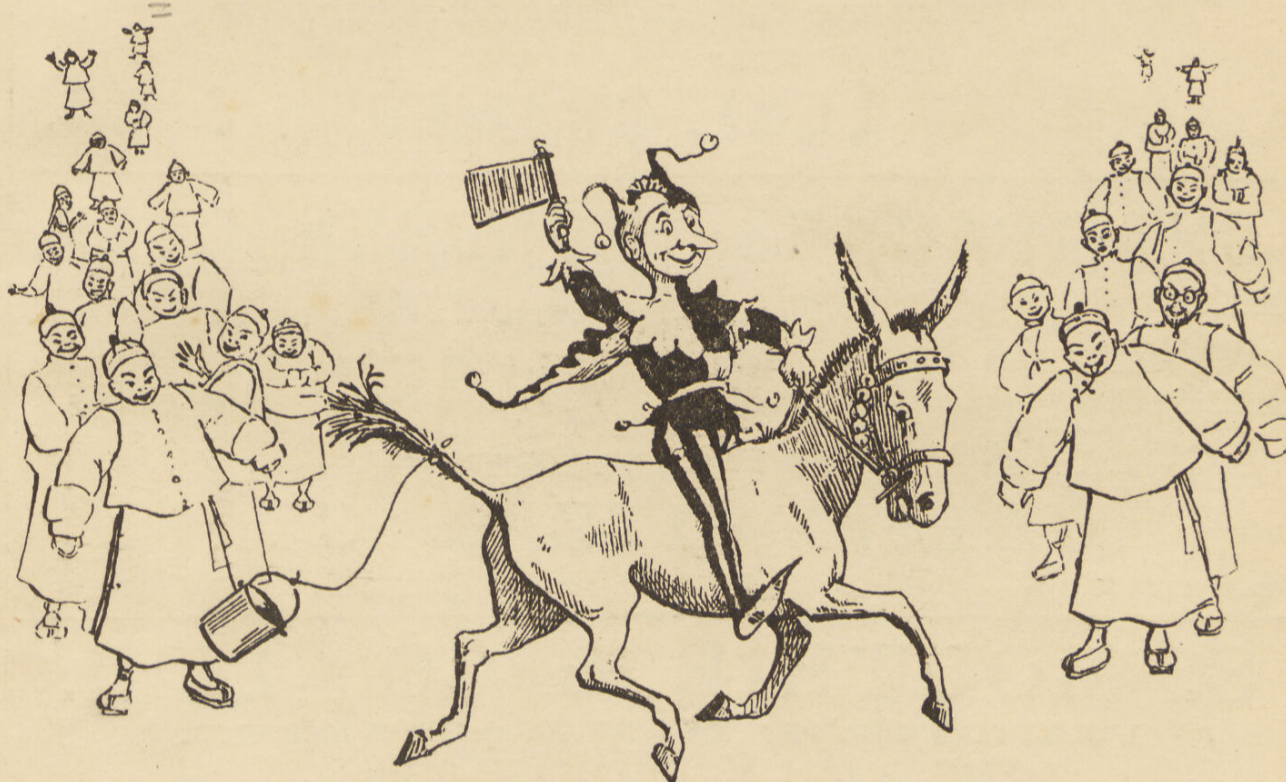








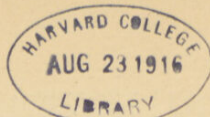
# THE RATTLE



SHANGHAI:  
KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,  
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P 330.9



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# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, NOVEMBER 1900

[No. 1

## EDITORIAL.

WHEN, some years ago, the Editors of the RATTLE withdrew into private life, they were often obliged to answer enquiries as to the cause of their retirement. It was pointed out to them that they were bound to justify their sudden retreat, not only to themselves but also to the public which had so kindly welcomed them and which in default of explanation might deem them ungrateful. Well, these enquiries were answered—perhaps not very correctly—but they were answered; and it may be added that “want of funds,” “pressure of business,” or “official interference” were replies which excited a good deal of sympathy. But the truth (which was never told) was this:—the Editors believed that they had absolutely drained Shanghai of humour; that while the RATTLE was a local paper nothing funny either happened locally or could be conceived as happening; in short, that they could make no more bricks because they had no straw. It may be remembered however that before sinking into obscurity they made, without any intention of keeping it, a promise which might serve in changed circumstances as an outlet to the upper air. Some three years have now gone by since that promise was made. The world (our little world) has moved on; there have been new developments; Shanghai is different in many ways. Lots of things have happened and are happening here; and when lots of things happen generally some of them furnish good copy. So the Editors have climbed up again to the surface and brought with them a RATTLE with which they hope to increase the general stock of mirth. Their return has been made pleasant for them. Former friends have greeted them with the old friendliness, and they hope to make some new friends ere they disappear again. But they ask their readers to remember that they have never aimed and do not now aim higher than this—to record for a treaty port and its residents, past, present and future, some features of treaty port life; and that the price of this number is \$1 and not 75 cents.

## THE LOST LEADER.

*“We shall go prospering—not thro’ his presence,  
Songs shall inspirit us, not from his lyre.”*

Already, at this early stage,  
I see a reader frowning;  
He knows the lines that head the page,  
He credits them to Browning,  
And thinks, of course, (but not without  
A little show of reason)  
That I intend to talk about  
A matter not in season.

I should be glad, O gentle one,  
Your judgment to confide in;  
Before the fox begins to run  
You guess the earth he’ll hide in;  
Still are not they—the words I quote—  
Just equally befitting  
The columns Little never wrote  
And Welch’s autumn flitting?

You overlook, it seems to me,  
(Why should one not be candid?)  
The Marshal, very much at sea,  
Although but lately landed;  
You overlook the G. O. M.,  
That prince of special pleaders,  
Tuan and Vela—what of them?  
Are they not “lost” and “leaders”?

Oh! not for these would I lament  
If “lost and gone for ever,”  
Though Welch is old and innocent  
And Tuan old and—clever.  
If Vela flew from sunny Spain,  
And stepped ashore to-morrow,  
It would not much relieve my pain,  
I still should live in sorrow.



Good reader, can you understand,  
Or are you void of feeling?  
I sit with trembling pen in hand  
And all my senses reeling;  
I think of how ten thousand fled  
For what?—the death of Cyrus;  
But we must fight when he who led  
Is not in front to fire us.

We want you, friend, who used to ride  
So fast while others canter;  
Your judgment where the paths divide  
Of insolence and banter;  
Your knowledge of that public mind  
Which deems fairplay a jewel,  
And would not have us over kind  
Nor yet unjustly cruel.

Good shot or bad that came your way—  
'Twas not your wont to pass it;  
Up went your gun without delay  
To miss the bird—or grass it.  
And so your puns, I must admit—  
Well, sometimes Homer slumbers—  
And three in twenty had the wit  
That made amends for numbers.

No need that we should strive to veil  
A loss, which each one guesses  
Who sets our labours in the scale  
Against our small successes;  
We know the truth, and hardly wince  
When those who scorn our prattle  
Say "Hamlet's naught without the prince,  
And without Bland the RATTLE."

## EN PASSANT.

NATURALLY reluctant to hamper the free action of the F.O. by the mention of the old wheeze about swopping horses, and quite apart from the question as to how long ago they made up their minds, we have a certain timorousness, explicable after three years' seclusion, in approaching the subject of Sir Ernest *vice* Sir Claude.

Either may be imagined humming as he strops his razor in the morning:—

"My case is, loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won."

Again, the Boxers have probably smashed most of the crockery in Peking, and not even the most violent Anglophil ever said that Russia desired to annex Miyanoshta, so we cannot see any safe ground whereon to base congratulations in either the one's case or the other's.

Movements in the great world, so far as the RATTLE is concerned, are accepted much as are those of the

planetary bodies, and, pushing the simile a little further, we may be said to have lately witnessed an eclipse of Jupiter's satellites.

The army of occupation is, like the tinkly temple bells, a callin'. As evidence of this a story reaches us of a curly-headed maiden sitting on her mother's knee drawing paste boards out of a hat, while the cook stands by receiving orders for ten man dinner. We venture to bring this to the notice of the Inspector of Licences, it seems to our poor intelligence as much a lottery as that of the much abused Tattersalls or the Pari-Mutuel. We can't have one law for the Race Course and another for "the Road."

O great antagonist of Puttiala,  
Princely exponent of a game of kings,  
We, who but greeted thee to say ta-ta, lament now too late thy flight on swallows' wings.

Brief though thy stay, we knew thee for a stayer,  
Plain to the plain man, prowess such as thine,  
Hands, pace, and judgment, ponies of a player,  
One game sufficed the laurels to assign.

Landale and Chuck against thee in a chukka  
Were but as infants playing on the sand,  
Their's but to watch how polo, really pukka  
polo, is played in polo's native land.

Pritab, thy name is writ with Ranjitsinji's  
Large on the page of Britain's roll of fame;  
His sphere of influence on thine impinges,  
Scions of Hindustan, each master of his game.

"La compagnie portugaise de volontaires est définitivement formée." *Echo* indeed, echo to the skirl of the Baluchi pipe, echo to the sturdy tramp of Teutonic hoofs so pleasing to the public fancy, and echo to the gazetted disbandment of the Yankee Rifles. The feeling of security, which has been so difficult to explain to friends and relatives at home, was after all but a fool's paradise; however, it's all right now, and the only fear is that the Allied Authorities may consider the further presence of troops unnecessary.

These "suicides" are delicious. Perhaps if anything goes wrong with Bulbul (we write before the event) Shanghai will have to face announcements of the civilised equivalent headed "TO LET" or "MESSRS. N—— M—— & Co. have received instructions, etc. etc." If they (the suicides) should ever be shewn to be anything more than "official" it will be hard to withhold admiration from that splendid old foreigner-hating barbarian Yu-hsien, butcher though he be. The courage of convictions is better than blather.





# LATEST BOXER MOVEMENT.

Backwards—on all fours.





### HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY T'SI HSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

As she appears in the European and American illustrated papers.

As she really is.

### S. C. C. v. Country Club.

#### 1ST DAY—

Biron and White  
Had a bit of a fight  
In disposing of Byrne and Maclaren ;  
But Fate was not partial  
To Drummond and Marshall  
Whose efforts at winning were barren.

At the close of day thus matters stood—  
The Country Club, one game to the good.

#### 2ND DAY—

White and Biron  
Proceeded to fire on  
The innocent Bovet and Moule,  
Till they forced them to beat  
What was called a retreat  
But was really a rout—on the whole.

Maclaren and Byrne  
Stood up in their turn  
With Marshall and Drummond to meet 'em,  
Who captured a "set"  
And were happy, you bet,  
Nor cared though the Cricketers beat 'em.

*A win for the Country Club, who score  
Five sets against the enemy's four ;  
But, in games, it is only fair to state,  
Fifty in all against thirty-eight.*



## PERSIMMONS.

Better the choicest of persimmons are  
 Than apples in decay; but, oh, how far  
 Their dank inedibility outruns  
 The slabs of cheese we sample at the bar!

O. K.

## THE STORY OF THE ENVOY.

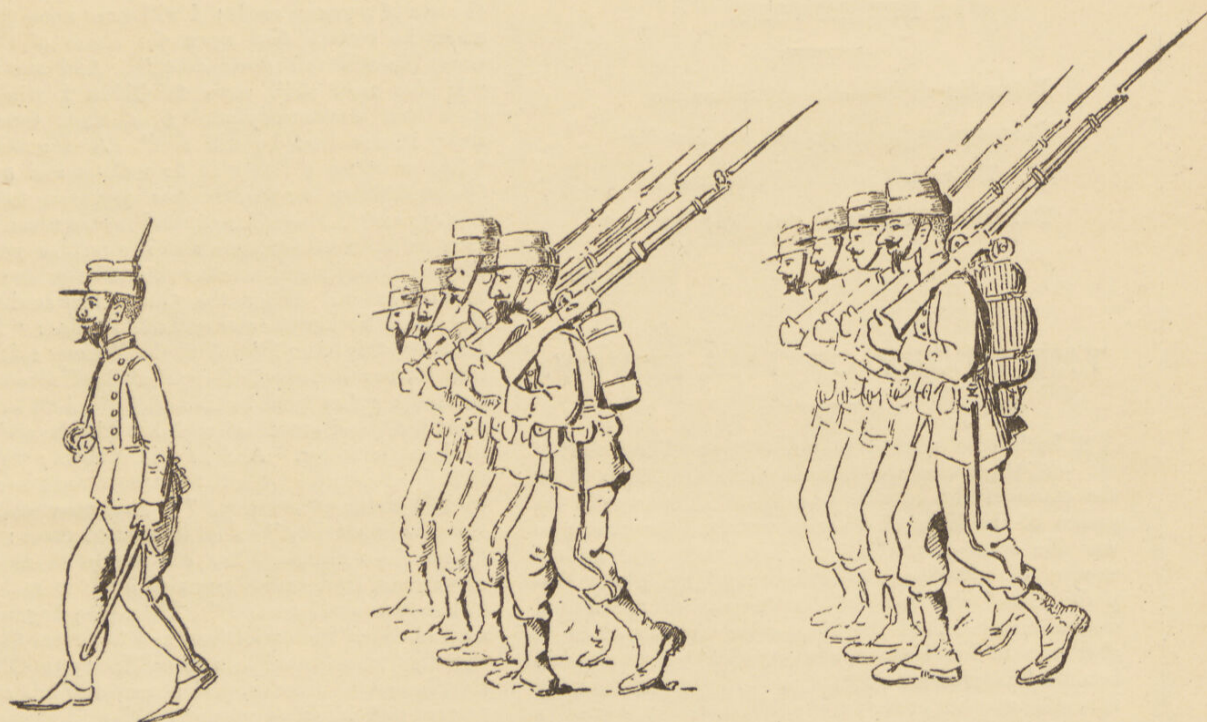
IT hath been related to me, O happy King, that of old there was trouble in the land of China. Now the cause of the trouble was this. There was in the palace of the King of China a certain old woman who was the aunt of the King. Verily she was an old woman of wrinkled countenance and malignant disposition, and she had skill in the use of magic and enchantments. And the King was accustomed to do obeisance to her both on account of her great age and because he feared her enchantments. On a certain day this old woman came to the King and preferred a request to him. And the King would not grant her request but treated her with insult and contumely. Then the old woman became exceedingly enraged and she took a little water from a basin and sprinkled it upon the King saying "Be thou changed into a calf without sense or understanding." And he became as the children of the cattle. Now when the Queen of India, and the King of the Black Eagles and other princes and rulers heard of the conduct of this old woman they were incensed and gathered their armies together and marched against the armies of China. And great battles ensued in which many persons were slain, and at length the soldiers of China returned to their homes. And the Queen of India and the King of the Black Eagles and the other rulers agreed that they would send envoys to China to arrange the conditions of peace.

Now among the subjects of the Queen of India who resided in the seaport towns of China were certain men who had become associated together and had bound themselves by a secret oath. The object of this association was no other than to advise the Queen of India with regard to the appointment of generals and governors and other matters of great importance. When these men heard that the Queen of India was about to send a certain Emir as Envoy to China for the settlement of conditions of peace they were perplexed and said among themselves: "Where is our place of entry? The Queen hath appointed such an one to be her Envoy and hath not asked of us whether the man is pleasing to us. Shall this thing be endured?" And they resolved that they would not accept the Envoy whom the Queen had appointed. And one said: "My brothers, behold mine eye, how it is like

the eye of a young eagle; I will gaze upon this Envoy when he setteth foot upon the shore of China and verily he will fall down dead." And another said: "If this man shall come to China I will converse with him strenuously and in a short time I shall weary him so that he will die." And another said: "Let us cause a letter to be written and sent to the Queen desiring her to send her own son to China as Envoy, and if she will not send her own son to China then let her send someone who is sweet to us." Then they all agreed that the letter should be written and sent to the Queen. When the Queen had read the letter she called for her Wezeer and said to him: "How shall I answer this letter?" And the Wezeer said: "Give time for consideration, O Pearl of the Universe." And she said: "Let time be accorded." And the Wezeer went forth and consulted with his friends, and he read to them the letter. And he said to them: "Woe upon this brotherhood! Shall the Queen send her own son to this accursed country?" And they said: "The thing is impossible." And he said to them: "If the Queen does not send her son surely these men will never cease from troubling us with letters and petitions. What then shall we do?" Then they began to name each of them his own friend and to advise the Wezeer that that man should be sent as Envoy to China. At length one of them named a man who had served the Queen well in other matters. Now it chanced that a certain stranger stood by attentive to their conversation and when he heard the name of the man who had served the Queen well he laughed aloud. And they said to him: "O stranger of little good breeding, why dost thou laugh?" And he said: "With all respect, I am a stranger from the land of the Rising Sun and in the language of my country the name of that man who served the Queen well signifies 'The Excess of Sweetness.'" Then they also laughed and said: "We will send to them this man inasmuch as they desire to have one who shall be sweet to them." Afterwards the Wezeer made report to the Queen and she called for the man who had served her well and said to him: "Who art thou?" And he replied: "I am thy slave." And she said: "Nay, but thou art the Excess of Sweetness!" And she ordered her Wezeer to explain the matter to him and to instruct him how he should speak to the associated persons in the seaport towns of China.

Now when the Envoy came to China there met him certain members of the association, and when they beheld him his appearance was not pleasing to them. And they said to him: "Art thou the son of the Queen?" And he said: "No." And they said: "Who then art thou?" And the Envoy replied: "I am called 'The Excess of Sweetness,' and the Queen of India hath sent me as Envoy to China because of the letter of the association." Then they were all silent and ashamed and departed to their homes. And as they went one said to another: "Verily, my brother, the snipe cometh from the market, but whence comes the pellet that breaketh the jaw? He who knoweth this, can prophesy truly what will be the end of these things."





H.H.

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## THEY WERE TWELVE.

*A gentleman  
That wears our patent "Annual" shirt  
With collar made of celluloid  
What should he know of dirt?*

[Advt.]

I met a licensed washerman,  
He was sixty-three, he said:  
But thick and black the bristles ran  
Around his ugly head.

His garments seemed to taint the air,  
He was so vilely clad;  
His trousers were the only pair,  
Apparently, he had.

"Of laundries duly licensed  
How many may there be?"  
"How many? Twelve in all," he said,  
And gaping looked at me.

"And where are these? I pray you tell."  
He answered "Twelve are they,  
And some are near the Bubbling Well  
And some are far away.

And some there be whose charge is high,  
Some burn the stuff or lose it;  
But all have got a pure supply  
Of water—and they use it."

"Is it because you burn so well,  
Or live so much apart,  
That only twelve—I pray you tell—  
Are free to ply their art?"

Then did the washerman reply  
"Yes, we are twelve—no more;  
But though our charge is rather high  
We have a concrete floor."

"To wash a city white as snow—  
A noble task," said I,  
"But tell me truly where you go  
To get that pure supply."

"The creek is green and may be seen,"  
The washerman replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from the washhouse door  
It welcomes in the tide.

"The napkins there I often wet,  
The handkerchiefs as well,  
And this is how they come to get  
Such a peculiar smell?

"And often when the coast is clear,  
And no inspector by,  
I take my little bucket near  
And fill it on the sly."

"But are there none of you," said I,  
"Who keep the Council's rules?"  
With solemn smile he looked at me,  
Winking, as far as I could see,  
And said "We're not such fools."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY  
OF A CITY FATHER.

MONDAY NIGHT.—What a busy life is mine!  
6 a.m.—Rose betimes and sent the dogs out for  
an airing on the Bund. The greatest men always  
attend to minutiae, so gave the coolie personal orders  
to put the muzzles on. 6.15.—Coolie returned to say  
one muzzle stolen and dog incarcerated by Municipal  
dog-catcher. Horrid bore! When H. T. W. said the  
Municipal dog-box had two inches of ice upon it, I  
was inclined to laugh. Now when I think of poor  
Topsy cruelly lassoed, dew appears upon my eyeglass.  
According to my own rule it is \$10 fine or the Police  
Court. I could never face the ignominy of a summons.  
The beak would say "quis custodiet ipsos custodes"  
or something equally lowering; so decided to pay fine.  
Prepared paragraph for *North-China Daily News*  
announcing same. The public should know how rigid  
is the morality of their rulers. 10 a.m.—Called on  
the Admiral and fully explained to him gravity of poli-  
tical situation with special reference to shocking state  
of affairs at Peking. After two hours I really think  
he was impressed. He seemed strangely moved and  
begged to be excused as he must instantly see his  
secretary. 2 p.m.—Attended China Association  
meeting; pointed out that British interests were en-  
titled to first consideration in Shanghai at present  
juncture. 3 p.m.—Interview with harbour master,  
who said senior naval officer wants our buoy off the  
Bund, doesn't like lying off Hongkew wharf, thinks  
British ships should occupy British buoys. I explained  
that this is a cosmopolitan Settlement, and that a little  
civility to the Dutch would be graceful at this time.  
As a matter of fact I have promised the Dutch the  
buoy. 4 p.m.—Several new aspects of China question  
struck me. Called again on Admiral. Flag Lieutenant  
says he is engaged and will be for some days. Embodied  
my views in memorandum and forwarded same. 5 p.m.—  
Went to Municipal Offices. Read provoking letters  
from O'S., who says that T's lottery is not properly  
run; as the Council license lotteries will they see to  
proper administration thereof. This man is a flail.  
We cannot proceed in the Court and must let the  
matter drop [as they do in the House of Lords] as  
quietly as possible. Instructions accordingly. 8 p.m.—  
Dinner with expectant Minister. Took opportunity of  
assuring him that Lord Salisbury's anti-partition policy  
has my unqualified support. He seemed immensely  
relieved and immediately changed the subject. 11 p.m.—  
Before turning in read over my new scheme for placing  
buoys at Woosung; great use to mercantile marine and  
navy. Must try and go to office to-morrow.





SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## A BAD BUSINESS.

We are talked of wherever you go,  
 Men whisper about with a sneer,  
 "There are liars on earth, don't you know,  
 But none like the liars *they* rear!"  
 It is said that we fabricate here,  
 All the time between breakfasts and dinners,  
 False hope or preposterous fear—  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

We are damned with a sigh or a *mot*;  
 The globe-trotting garrulous peer  
 Will murmur, sufficiently low,  
 "A sink, my dear boy," in your ear:  
 Good people who only this year,  
 Have heard of us—surely beginners—  
 Lament with gratuitous tear,  
 "Shanghai is a city of sinners."

A last and more terrible blow—  
 A Prince, whom one ought to revere,  
 (*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but his *was* a chequered career),  
 Proclaimed us, perhaps with a leer,  
 In wickedness easily winners.  
 He's dead; let us think him sincere—  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

## Envoy.

You are all inexpressibly dear,  
 Sad mourners and fatuous grinners,  
 We thank you for making it clear  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SHANGHAI

29 Octobre 1900

MASTER THE EDITOR IN CHEF

I demand you the permission to publish to  
 all the good Frenches who ought to be at Shanghai  
 not less numerous than elsewhere that one has lost  
 recently on the Bubble Road near from Hippodrome a

dark small horse of French officer. He calls himself  
 "Hercule." Who shall bring this animal into the  
 Club Français will be regarded.

Accept, Master the Editor in Chef, the assurance  
 of my distinguished consideration.

[Signature illegible.]

SHANGHAI

29 October 1900

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "RATTLE."

GENTLEMEN,

I saw the Municipal dog-box emptied  
 this morning at the Police Station. It contained only  
 two pointers (with muzzles) and a very small pony  
 (without one). I write in no critical spirit but merely  
 to enquire whether I ought to muzzle the goat which  
 draws my children's carriage, and whether if I do so it  
 will be safe from capture.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

CIVIS.

## SOCIETY PROBLEMS.

S.S.P.C.A.—How should a vindictive hen be carried  
 through the streets without assistance?

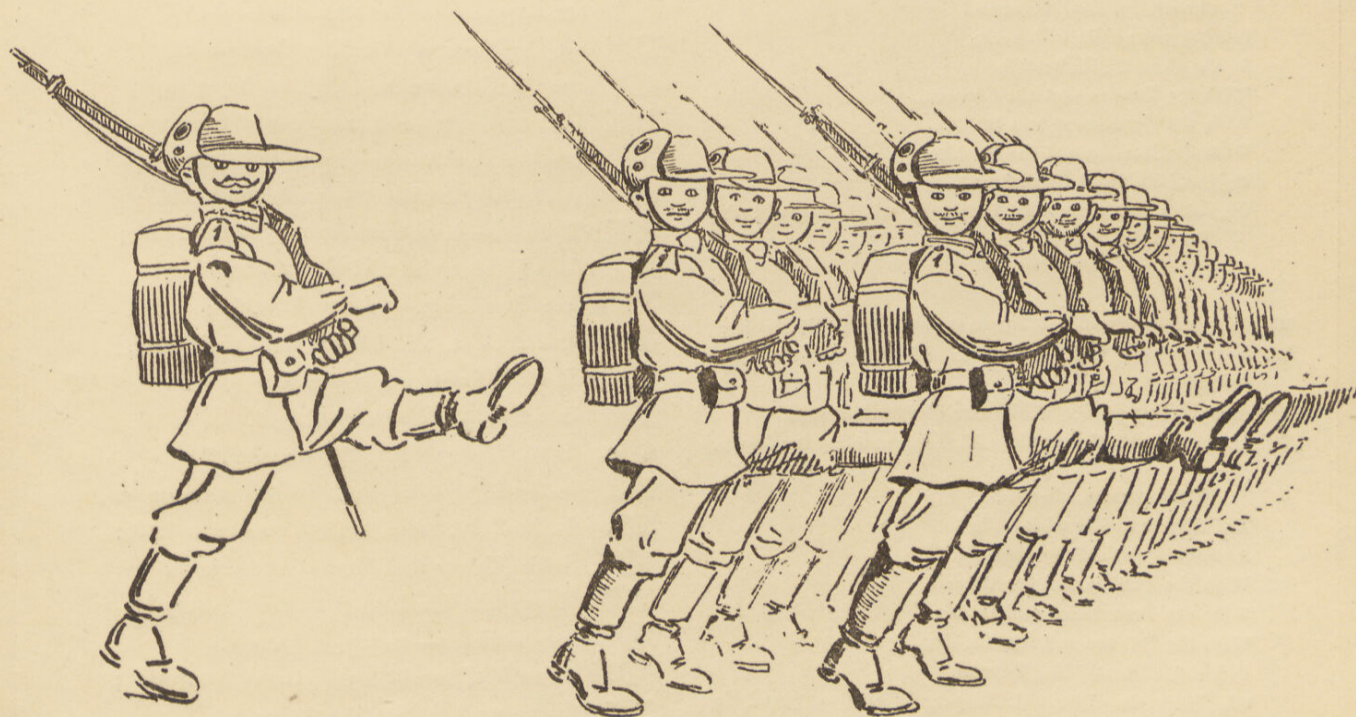
L.B.S.—What length of scrubby beard of itself  
 entitles an impoverished grass widower to  
 relief?

S.L.S.—What is the minimum connection with  
 the old county which qualifies for mem-  
 bership?

S.D.F.—Facial expression aside, what method  
 have you of ascertaining the percentage  
 of your audience which understands your  
 jokes?

S.L.D.S.—Whether is Literature or Debate the more  
 effective cure for insomnia?





H.H.

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## IN GOOD COMPANY.

We bless the dear old Empress who, not meaning it, you know,  
Has given us a shove along the road we longed to go.  
To drive the white man to the sea, such was her artless plan;  
Thus June arrived and brought with it a grand day for Japan.

By your right, dress!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

For thirty years we've tried to make our social upward way;  
We've fixed a Parliament—of sorts; we've pitched into  
Cathay;  
We seemed to get no "forrarder," though doing all we can,  
Till June arrived and brought with it a grand day for Japan.

Attention, shoulder arms!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

We show a love for all that's new, a scorn for all that's old;  
We've turned our backs on silver and gone all we're worth  
for gold.  
Yet still did Europe doubtfully our civilisation scan,  
Till June arrived and brought with it a grand day for Japan.

Fix bayonets, charge!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

G. M. H. P.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

*The "Ekkerdeshene."*

## DERNIÈRES NOUVELLES.

D'après un télégramme Havas, on annoncerait de Londres que le Maréchal Lord Sir Roberts va se marier en seconde noce avec la Reine Victoria. On se rapelle que Sir Roberts (qui est aussi le Lormaire) a vendu sa première femme, Madame Jane Cakebread, à Smiffele.

## PERLES.

À la collection publiée jadis par ce journal, ajoutons ceci, nous traduissons du "China Gazette," rédigé par l'immonde O'Shea: "*On a commencé la publication de ce journal à 6 heures du soir.*" Nos amis d'outremanche sont vraiment un peu niais s'ils croient que nous sommes trompés par de pareilles fariboles.

## AN ALPHABET.

**A** 's the Artillery—gunners no more!  
**B** 's the Battalion they blunder before.  
**C** is a Captain who never resigned;  
**D** are the "Deyvils" you know how to find.  
**E** are Expressions one cannot set out;  
**F** are the Firemen who fling them about.  
**G** are the Germans who drill as they please;  
**H** is Herr Heyn the commander of these.  
**I** are the Infants who clap at the show;  
**J** is for Juggins who "bars it, you know."  
**K** is for K—k, not here when you need him;  
**L** is a Leader who wished to succeed him.  
**M** are the Majors—a bevy of beauty;  
**N** is a Noodle, who'd teach them their duty.  
**O** is an Order to go to parade;  
**P** is a Private who never obeyed.  
**Q** is the Query "selection or vote?"  
**R** 's the Reply—which it's needless to quote.  
**S** is the Staff, there is much to admire in it;  
**T** is the Terror that horses inspire in it.  
**U** 's our nice Uniform (isn't this flattery?)  
**V** are Varieties—mostly in battery.  
**W** some Waists which we note with surprise;  
**X** is the symbol denoting their size.  
**Y** are the Youngsters who'll join, never doubt 'em;  
**Z** is the Zero we'd fall to without 'em.





## Pauline.

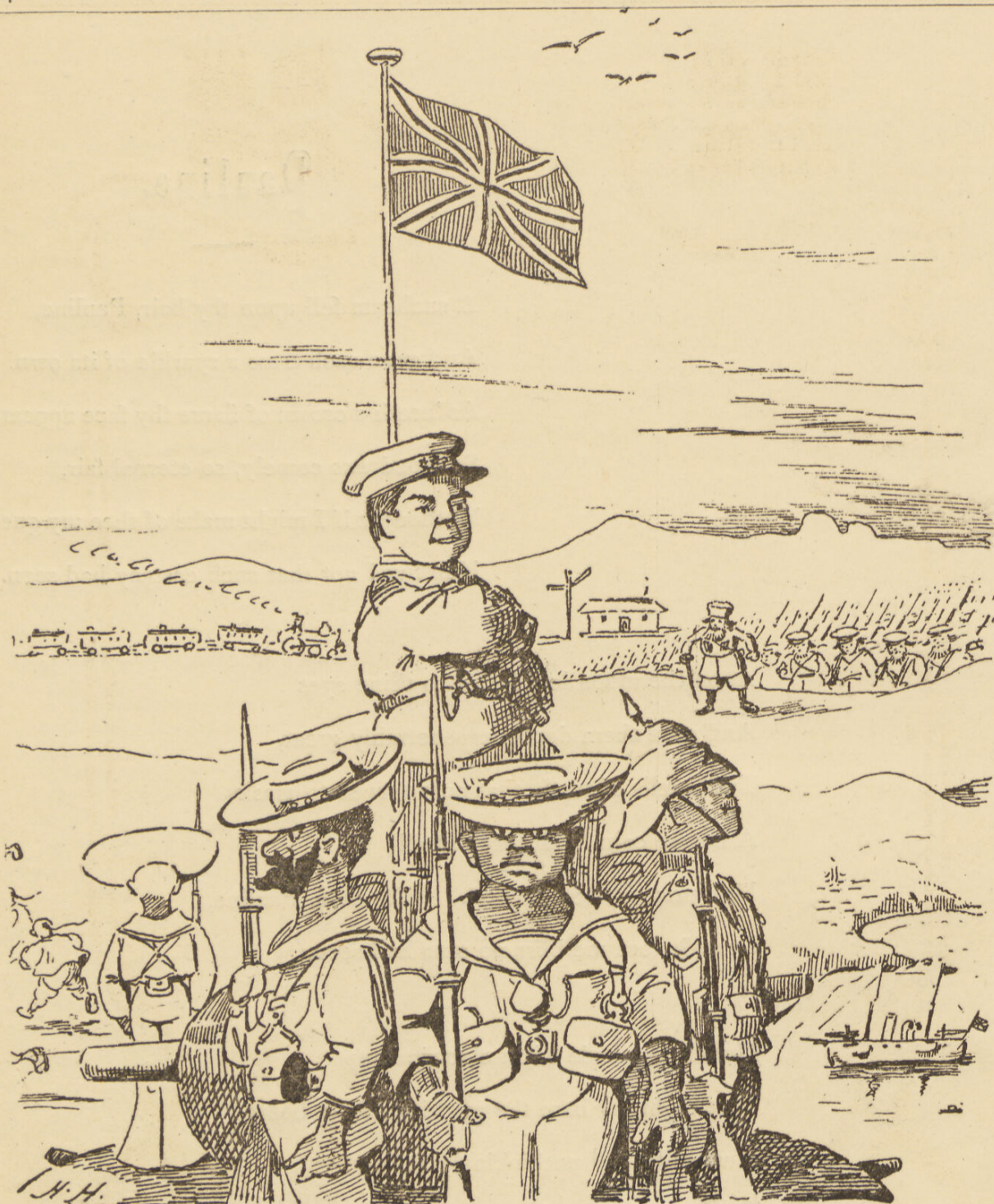
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A sunbeam fell upon thy hair, Pauline,  
And gave each tress a sparkle of its own.  
As 'neath a crown of flame thy face appeared  
So wondrous comely, so eternal fair,  
Methought if I might make of thee my queen  
Man lived not that such ecstasy had seen.

Anon the moon lent lustre to thine eyes  
And gave them depth impenetrably great,  
Twin wells of truth, that only served to mask  
A nature calm, indicative of all  
Men prize in womanhood. With thee, Pauline,  
I saw before me bliss no man had seen.

Under the shade of an electric lamp  
That night lay bare the working of thy heart.  
A word let fall unthinkingly sufficed  
To shew my pounds a year to thee were more  
Than I myself, on whom thou wert so keen.  
'Twas marvellous how nearly I'd been seen.







**CAPTURE OF SHANHAIKWAN BY LIEUT. COMM. JOHN BROWN, R.N., AND  
CREW OF H.M.S. "PIGDOG."**

Lieut. Commr. BROWN, R.N., with a small landing party of eighteen men on 29th October succeeded in capturing the important city of Shanhaikwan together with its five formidable forts, the Chinese soldiery in charge retreating in much confusion.

The greatest credit is due to Lieut. Commr. BROWN and his gallant crew, especially when we consider that he had to operate against a force enormously superior to his own and that, owing apparently to some error as to dates, our Russian Allies arrived on the scene just too late to render any assistance in expelling the Chinese.

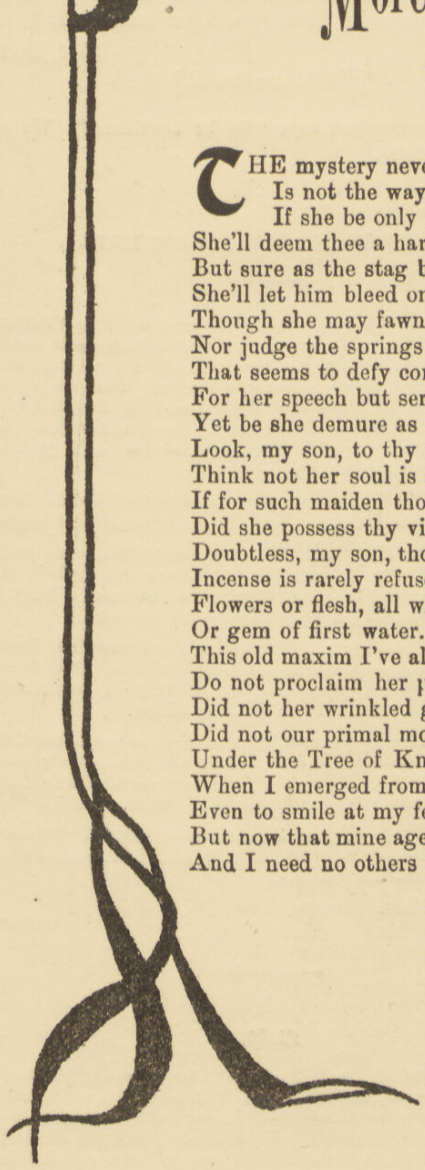
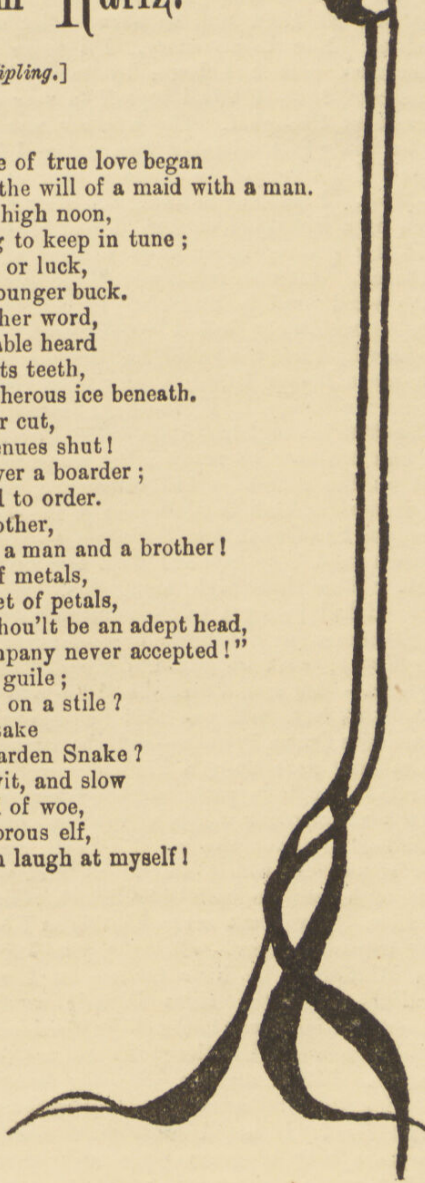


## More Maxims from Hafiz.

[With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.]

THE mystery never unravell'd since the course of true love began  
 Is not the way of a man with a maid, but the will of a maid with a man.  
 If she be only twenty and thou upon life's high noon,  
 She'll deem thee a harmless target, her bow-string to keep in tune ;  
 But sure as the stag be stricken, whether by skill or luck,  
 She'll let him bleed on his summit and aim at a younger buck.  
 Though she may fawn upon thee, take her not at her word,  
 Nor judge the springs of her action from any syllable heard  
 That seems to defy convention or take the bit in its teeth,  
 For her speech but serves as a snow-fall o'er treacherous ice beneath.  
 Yet be she demure as Delft-ware, prim as a primer cut,  
 Look, my son, to thy trenches, and keep thine avenues shut !  
 Think not her soul is an inn where frankness is ever a boarder ;  
 If for such maiden thou yearn, she must be a maid to order.  
 Did she possess thy virtues, frankness and every other,  
 Doubtless, my son, thou wouldst like her—just as a man and a brother !  
 Incense is rarely refused, be it sacrifice, whether of metals,  
 Flowers or flesh, all will please ; a poodle, a basket of petals,  
 Or gem of first water. Yet heed, if in love lore thou'lt be an adept head,  
 This old maxim I've alter'd for thee : "Absent company never accepted !"  
 Do not proclaim her peerless either in grace or in guile ;  
 Did not her wrinkled grandam know how to perch on a stile ?  
 Did not our primal mother a sinuous Art Course take  
 Under the Tree of Knowledge by watching the Garden Snake ?  
 When I emerged from boyhood I was solemn of wit, and slow  
 Even to smile at my fellows whose antics were full of woe,  
 But now that mine age hath ripen'd, Life is a humorous elf,  
 And I need no others to prompt me, because I can laugh at myself !



## A LITTLE TRIP.

I OFTEN take trips—it's one of my strong points—but I don't often write about them unless I'm asked to. However, the Editors of the RATTLE have asked me to give them something to fill their columns, so I've worked up these little notes of one of my excursions, and, by Jove, I expect the Editors will have their columns about as full as they want. I must tell you beforehand that I never go very far afield; "No Gobi desert for me"! is one of my mottoes. But I take for granted that you would as soon hear about what you all know well as about a lot of fantastic novelties. Now to my story. I'll spare you all the preliminary part and begin by saying that in the summer of 1900 I found myself in very comfortable quarters at Shanghai. The weather was very warm but on the whole tolerably fine, and as I felt "full of beans" I determined to make a long expedition to B—W—. I rose one morning and after a good bath, which is a Shanghai custom, I had some breakfast, consisting (among other good things) of fried eggs and bacon. After breakfast we told the servant ("boy" is the word used in Shanghai) to call two of those little conveniences called "rickshores." You will wonder why I use the plural, but the fact is that I had with me a lawyer friend, a very good chap whom I call my "*alter ego*." By-the-way, he told me that in Japan there is a high mountain called Fugiyama, which you can see ever so many miles away, and an hotel built on the side of a hill where you can get beds and dinners and all the delicacies of the season. But there, you know what these lawyers are—you never can believe a word they say, and high fees are much more in their line than high mountains. Well, to my story. I had just got to the point at which we called for rickshores (or rickshaws is it—I never was strong at spelling); well, we got into the rick-shaws, when they came—you mustn't mind a little detail here, and I ought to have told you that rick-shaws are a sort of carriages drawn by men—and the runners went off at a rattling pace along a kind of street mostly level but rather rough in parts. Here I may remark that I saw a steam-roller which proves that civilization is spreading all over the world. Well, to my story. This street was rather narrow at first with several kinds of houses on both sides which rather shut off the view. I was not sorry for this as I have seen so many views elsewhere—waterfalls, you know, and all sorts of things. A little further on I saw lots of beautiful alleys (or allies is it?) running off in various directions; one of the alleys was closed up and I couldn't see into it, but the guide told me it was lovely at night. Did I mention that the street contained shops for the display and sale of various kinds of merchandise? If not I mention it now. Then we came to a sort of green place with rivers running round it, or if they were not rivers they were ditches. Beyond this was more street or road and lots of trees. My lawyer friend saw a sparrow or something of the

kind fly out of one of the trees and immediately observed "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." This is a proverb, you know, but I believe the chap thought he had invented it on the sparrow of the moment. Well, to my story. On we went and on and on and on. You'll understand that I'm skipping here. Well, on we went and on and on and on and on and on until we got to our destination. There is a very nice hotel there where we hobnobbed a bit. I looked for the visitors book but couldn't find it anywhere so I can't mention the celebrities whose names it no doubt contains. Talking of celebrities reminds me of an old lady, who was a bit of a celebrity in my part of the country and who used to talk of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." Funny old gal wasn't she?

Ho! Ho!

[To be continued.]

[Our correspondent says "To be continued." We add "elsewhere."—ED.]

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- MACRUM. 1.—Glad to hear that you have applied and wish you success; but you will have to get the other chap out first. 2.—No; the Court-room has been already absorbed, but we should think that the shipping-office would hold a fair sized billiard-table. 3.—Quite right. You will certainly be entitled to call yourself "Honourable."
- CHINA ASS. We can't print your complaints about the home government. Keep them for your next report.
- F. O. We dare not print your suggestions as to the China Association. Anyhow "muzzle" is a strong word and suggests madness. They are no more mad than you are, my son!
- ENQUIRER. Thank you. We have noticed that the French have no spikes to their helmets. We do not know if they have any other good points about them. Ask the *Echo de Chine*.
- HOMELY HARRIET. If your verandah is not large enough for airing the family linen don't be ashamed to hang it out. More than one man might ride a horse, but none would look over the hedge.
- MERTHYR. We congratulate you and your brother electors. Is it true that the new man is Consul-General for San Marino?
- GLU. Yuss.

## N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, JANUARY 1901

[No. 2

## EDITORIAL.



GOOD luck for 1901 (whether the first or the second year of the twentieth century) is the RATTLE's wish for its readers, who by the way are so numerous that something like a wave of prosperity will touch Shanghai when this wish is gratified. We are all glad to part from 1900—a bad year if ever there was one. It is also a comfort to reflect that we shall none of us see the end of another hundred years and that the phrase "*fin de siècle*" may be dropped from our vocabulary. We desire the like sudden death for some at least of the follies

which that exotic abomination was supposed to justify. Is the revival of the RATTLE one of them? We are quite modest enough to admit that it is, but to do so would be no true compliment to those who have inspected our wares and adjudged them to be of average quality. Under the circumstances therefore we suggest (though with diffidence) that this revival was one of the redeeming features of an ugly period. The other, of course, was the splendid success of Mr. Tattersall's Lottery. If we think of any more we will mention them in due course. We take this, surely fitting, opportunity of thanking the artists and men of letters who have contributed or promised to contribute to our columns. In earlier days the Editors of the RATTLE had to rely mainly on their own efforts, owing (some said) to their standard of merit being exceedingly high, but really because they had little or nothing to which to apply

it. At present their principal occupation is despatching the manuscript of others to the printer and keeping accounts. This is indeed a fortunate state of things, because, as our readers will understand, the management of a great concern like this taxes a limited staff to its utmost capacity. When to the physical labour of reaping the harvest is added the mental anxiety of production, brain fever, elephantiasis, or some other serious ailment is almost sure to follow. What would in such a case become of the RATTLE? The fabric of our fortunes would melt into thin air, and the name of "RATTLE" would sink dishonoured beneath the waters of oblivion. This is mere imagination. The reality would be dreadful.

## 1900-1901.

He was the last; his days are past;  
Let him be laid to rest!

Forget (if you ought) the ill he wrought,  
Think only of his best!

But I am the first; so quench your thirst  
With any good drink you please,  
And cry "All hail" to the newborn male,  
The heir of the centuries!

I am yours, you know, for weal or woe,  
For your hands to make or mar;  
To bare the sword if you speak the word  
And call the folk to war;  
To sheathe the blade when its part is played  
And bid the turmoil cease;  
Yours to stain with the blood o' the slain  
Or to crown with the crown of peace.



My pulses beat with a generous heat,  
 I am pure and young and brave :  
 I am strong for truth : Will you shame my youth ?  
 Shall I cringe as a trodden slave ?  
 As you deal with me may your fortune be,  
 So let it be dealt to you.  
 Time will repay at the reckoning day  
 And mete with the measure due.

O leave to rust in the mire and dust  
 The toys of an age outworn ;  
 The fitful flash of a smould'ring ash  
 Pales in the glow of morn ;  
 New hope, new fear, for the young new year  
 And the sorrow and joy it brings !  
 Let that which is dead go bury its dead  
 In the tomb of forgotten things !

### EN PASSANT.

**T**OUCHING conferences and the rigid exclusion of the sterner sex on a recent occasion from all but the opening chorus and the harlequinade. The billet of lady reporter to the RATTLE has not yet been constituted, but we have valid reasons for believing that many more topics were conferred about than ever crept into the dailies. Let not the too curious reader, however, hope that we are going to set out here an unexpurgated syllabus,—that is far from our intention, even were it in our power; but it is not without interest to follow in fancy what a fair conferrer may have said about—shall we say “The Dialectical Evolution of Buddhist Metaphysics.” Possibly something like this:—

“Ladies, of course I haven’t had much experience—  
 “I mean I hardly know much how to—anyhow its  
 “awfully jolly to have Lady Blake up here, and  
 “whether the weather—no I’m not trying to  
 “be funny—and it’s no use your laughing  
 “Miss Blogg, you couldn’t say Bo to a—well  
 “I don’t mean exactly geese but—really when  
 “one gets up to speak all one’s feelings seem  
 “to get muddled, and I’ve forgotten the exact  
 “subject that I’m down for. O yes, I remember,—  
 “but I’m only allowed ten minutes and five must  
 “have gone by now, so I must say at once that  
 “the Dia—the Dia—well you see the dialect  
 “round our station is so different from what I  
 “learnt when I came out last year that—

Here we may imagine a stentorian “Time” from the painstaking secretary, whose husband likes his tiffin sharp at half-past twelve, the pattering of twenty little pairs of gloved hands, and a scramble for muffs and veils.

\* \* \* \* \*

Medals for the French Volunteers! And after all, why not? Get over the first inclination to laugh and face the question squarely, what evil have they done? And then consider the infinite possibilities which the situation afforded; tucked in there between the City and the silver streak yclept the Yang King Pang, smouldering hostility on the one side and the S.V.C. on the other, ’twas wonderful that nothing happened. How small an ebullition of the Gallic temperament and the Yangtsze might have been in a blaze, all same Thames. For our part we heartily commend the action of the high authorities in urging on the home government the desirability of shewing some recognition of this effort: and almost the only, certainly the best, form that this recognition can take, is a medal.

\* \* \* \* \*

In ordinary circles we read from left to right,  
 And when we come to *uno*, why, we stop :  
 But folks there are whose intellects are not exactly bright  
 Who tried to smuggle *juncta* on the top.

This silly claim to precedence made discord in the spheres,  
 For *omnia*, in possession, wouldn’t swop :  
 Neither circulars nor interviews nor e’en a flow of tears  
 Could budge him from position, on the top.

Now “*labor vincit omnia*,” as everybody knows,  
 And finally they had him on the hop :  
 But turning round to substitute—well *juncta*, we suppose,  
 They found the wily “you know” on the top.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a mournful little party on Thursday that bore old “Lum” Barker to his last resting-place. Few of those who were present could have remembered him in his prime, but he had the same cheery smile for the latest arrived griffin as for a “hand” of thirty years’ standing, and among those present at Pabsienjao that chill afternoon might have been noticed representatives of all sections of our many-sided community.

’Twas but six weeks ago that a friend accosted Lum in the Club with the observation “We’re doddering on;” his face glowed with the fire of forty summers in Shanghai and a well stored memory as he replied “We are indeed.” He little thought how soon his words were to be verified.

Well, well, the survivors of Muddy Flat may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; soon we may use the thumb by itself; and after that—the dark.

DAWN.

### JERUSALEM ARTICHOKEs.

Boil it, my love; and after boiling spread  
 That customary sauce upon its head:

Then bid our foe to dinner and observe  
 How fools step in where angels fear to tread.

O. K.





### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

THE COLONEL. —Much brighter news from the Yangtze, I see!

STARVING BRITISH MERCHANT (*eagerly*).—Yes!

THE COLONEL.—Rather! they say the fat's in the fire at last, and we're going to have a glorious turn up all round.

[Collapse of S.B.M.]





## A WARNING.

[Delayed in transmission.]

You who would make, as brokers will,  
 A deal in shares for Tom or Bill  
 (Men from whose coffers, be it said,  
 The Merry Mexican has fled)  
 And, not with any base intent,  
 But only anxious to prevent  
 Your finger-tips from being burned,  
 Propose to sign "For the concerned"—  
 Reflect, before you try it on  
 With Obadiah Jenkinson!  
 Reflect! Be warned! I see the day  
 When you will be compelled to pay;  
 When Buz-fuz with elusive grace  
 Will sketch the outline of a case  
 And roundly undertake to show  
 That two and two are five or so,  
 By witnesses who all combine  
 To swear that four and four are nine.

In vain the quibbling advocate  
 Will urge that four and four are eight  
 Or dare his lordship to concur  
 With any mere "*non sequitur*."  
 Such talk cannot prevail with one  
 Like Obadiah Jenkinson.  
 Enthroned above the vulgar floor  
 (Embodiment of learned lore)  
 Hear Justice speak "It seems to me  
 That two and two are more than three;  
 So while I very much dissent  
 From Mr. Buz-fuz' argument,  
 And while I find but little weight  
 In what the witnesses relate,  
 I shall give judgment all the same  
 In favour of the present claim."  
 The public with applausive hum  
 Murmurs "O Lord! A Daniel come!"  
 While you, a sadder, wiser man,  
 Fork out and snigger—if you can.





## INTERCEPTED CONVERSATION

AT A

C. C. DANCE.

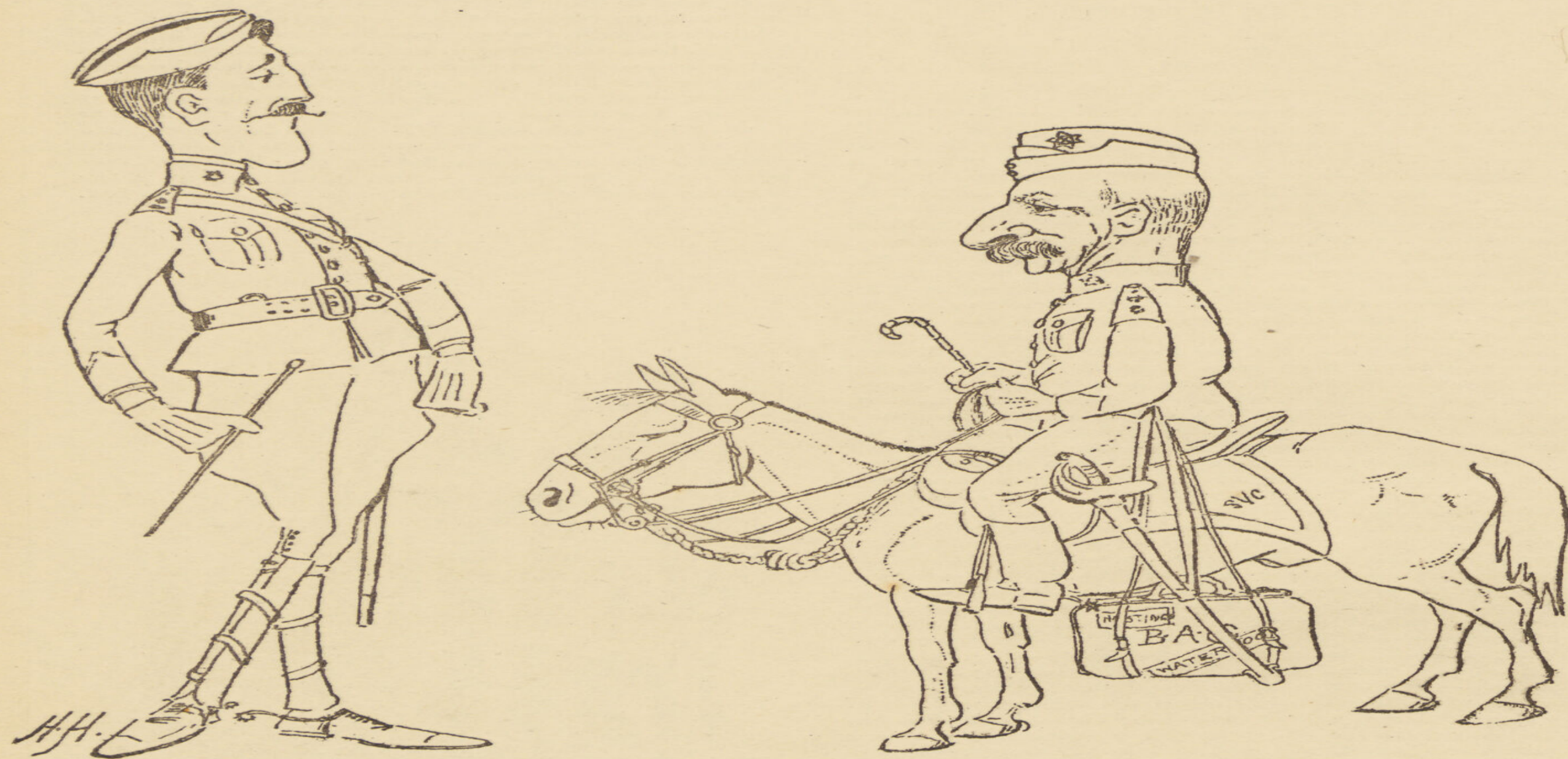
CAN you spare me one dance, Miss Robinson?—  
 So sorry, but I am quite full up—Not dancing  
 this, old man? Come and have a drink in the billiard-  
 room?—So sorry, but I had a lot of short drinks before  
 dinner and I'm quite full up—So he went dressed as  
 a rickshaw coolie and the hall-porter wouldn't let him  
 in, until he showed that his pig-tail was detachable  
 and—There's likely to be a military wedding shortly:  
 great fun, you know; all the officers go in uniform  
 and dance a sword-dance or something in the vestry,  
 I believe—The handicapping was rather absurd;  
 Williams can give me fifty and a licking every day of  
 the week, but I am down to give him—One kiss,  
 Miss Daisy, remember, when the mistletoe is up,  
 please—Never mix the colour of your drinks or your  
 sandwiches and you'll never have a head in the  
 morning. Stick to the same colour—Though I never  
 saw anyone put it on more inartistically, and yet she  
 told me she thought it wrong to use paint or rouge.  
 She really has the cheek of—A Missionary, my boy,  
 and I never knew it, till he struck at old Mascham's  
 story about the archbishop being introduced by  
 mistake to the barmaid and—She caught up her  
 hockey-stick and deliberately hit her when the referee  
 was looking the other way, so she turned round and  
 said—How do I like Shanghai? Oh! an awfully  
 nice place, but we hardly came to China to dance,  
 dontcherknow. However—Those wretched pipers  
 struck up just at that moment, and the mafoo lost  
 control of the horse and off we went to—Woosung,  
 though the shooting is more or less played out now,  
 but you can always be sure of—A row on the hockey-  
 ground. I think I dislike mixed hockey almost as  
 much as mixed bathing. Now this question whether  
 spectators should be allowed to watch ladies practising  
 has agitated the dovescots for quite—One second,  
 old chap, I must just run up and ask Mrs. Brown  
 if she will forgive me for—Such language as I  
 never wish to hear again on the Shanghai football  
 ground. It was only fit for—The Women's Conference,  
 the second time it was held. You know all the men  
 had been cleared out, and just as the Conference was  
 breaking up, a short, stout lady with a thick veil  
 was discovered to be a middy from one of the ships.  
 Of course the boy was reported to the Admiral, who  
 gave him—Two hundred dollars, though the thing  
 was not worth fifty. However, I had let myself in—  
 By the door, over there. Thank you so much, I am  
 always leaving it about. What a lot of trouble I am  
 giving you! And my programme, please; I think  
 I must have dropped it in—The bathroom as usual

was full of Army and Navy chaps and I couldn't get  
 a tub for—A couple of years, when we expect to return  
 to India, but of course no one can tell whether—It  
 was the oysters, I am sure; and he was laid up for a  
 fortnight, poor chap, and—Married the girl after all  
 though—The place is very different to what it was a  
 few years ago when—I think you gave me this dance.  
 Oh, of course, if your programme shews—A tissue of  
 lies, sir, from beginning to end, but what else can you  
 expect from—The man who was consecrated the other  
 day, you know. It was a great ceremony. Most im-  
 pressive, but rather tedious, and about half-way  
 through I got up and—Sang "What ho! She  
 bumps," by special request. Most of us had never heard  
 it before. We must get hold of him for our next  
 Smoker—He only wants feeding up a bit and very  
 light work for the present—And when I get up in the  
 morning I very often—Think it is time to go to bed.  
 Good-night.



A BRACE OF BIRDS.





SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## THE LADIES' DAY.

The sun had set and the Hunt was done,  
To the Club came the ladies one by one;  
They didn't go down to the garden trim,  
For the season was suited to no such whim.  
Ev'ry dame was in gay attire,  
Ev'ry one sat down by the fire,  
Ev'ry one had a cup of tea,

And thus two sang in major key:

Oh! to-morrow will be Sunday,

So we did not golf to-day,

Oh! to-morrow will be Sunday,

So we'll wait till then before we play.

Next day they went to the links so trim,  
And played till the ball refused to swim,  
They fished away for an hour more  
And cut the players who shouted "Fore."  
They fished and fished for the missing ball  
(The links on the Sabbath are free to all)  
Till at length one said "It seems to me  
We'd better give up and go home to tea."

Oh! this, you know, is Sunday

And it's called the Ladies' Day,

Oh! this, you know, is Sunday,

But we've lost our ball and cannot play.

So back to the Club they drove in state,  
Ladies very disconsolate,  
Almost moved to the shedding of tears,  
For the grand old ball they had loved for years.  
But deep in her pocket one has found  
A black remake that is far from round,  
So they sip their tea and both declare  
That they'd rather play with a ball that's square.

Oh! to-morrow will be Monday,

We've had no golf to-day,

Oh! to-morrow will be Monday,

So we'll wait till then before we play.

## THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

We are glad to learn from our good old contemporary, the *N.-C. Daily Missionary Recorder*, that the Rev. Filbert Greed is still persevering with his Peking Club for rich Mandarins.

There can be no doubt that this is the right way to soften the hearts of obdurate re-actionists. Fancy what delicate points might be discussed in a friendly way over a game of snookers between Kang Yi, Prince

Ching, and Sir Ernest? or what concessions might be won at a small hand of poker between Conger and Li Hung-chang?

The widows and orphans in Europe and America who have contributed their mites will be glad to know that none but vintage wines are to be supplied by a distinguished M.P., while a cocktail expert has been engaged from the United States Senate.

Drinks, like all else at this noble institution, will be free. After all said and done why should the poor dear mandarins pay for anything? It is not their way. The accounts will be audited by H.E. Shêng.

Special attention has been paid to the gymnasium, where the latest pattern of gloves will be supplied to Boxers, and a French professor will give instruction in the use of the bayonet.

It is sad to think that the Rev. Filbert has so far only collected one hundred thousand taels for this most laudable object, and it is to be hoped that the school children of Shanghai will each put by a month's pocket money to help on the good work, and that the thirteen hundred Protestant missionaries now here, who have run away from their posts and have left their converts to be massacred, will hold a conference on this subject and give us some more of their views on the iniquity of Shanghai. The details may not always be fit for publication but, dear me, how we revel in them, and it does seem a bit hard to be called to order when we are really getting at the facts about cotton mill girls.

In order to lend a helping hand we intend starting a prophecy competition. Each competitor will deposit 5,000 dollars, and the prophecies will be opened in the year 2000, when the prize will be handed over to the survivor whose guess is nearest to the mark. In the meantime the interest on the deposits will be divided between the Imperial Institute and the Editors of this journal.

To make some slight atonement for the awful sin committed by Great Britain in forcing opium on the country it has been decided that none but the native-grown drug, specially cultivated on Li Hung-chang's own farms, shall be used in the smoking-room.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether ladies should or should not be admitted to the Club, but as the Empress Dowager has kindly consented to kiss each lady visitor and to present each with a roll of silk, it has been arranged to admit such Ministers' wives as have large feet.

The library has been the subject of most careful attention and will, we hope, at no distant period take the place of the late lamented Hanlin, peace to its ashes. The German Emperor has kindly supplied a copy of his famous Nochinamanlookingaskanceatagermanforathousandyears speech which will be filed with the terms of peace now under discussion. A special feature will be copies of our learned Minister's books on Japan, while no less interesting will be Count Cassini's secret treaty bound up with Li Hung-chang's safe deposit receipts from the Russo-Chinese Bank and the originals of Shêng's truthful telegrams during the siege of Peking.





## THE TRIALS OF AN EMPRESS DOWAGER.

KUANG HSÜ.—Don't get excited, Auntie! I've just had an invitation to run over to Peking and spend Christmas with Waldersee and the other boys, and I propose to have a regular good old . . . .

EMPRESS DOWAGER.—Silence, undutiful wretch. How dare you appear before us clothed in the devilish garments of the barbarian slaves! Go to your room at once, and remember once and for all that

Kuang Hsü goes nowhere unless his Aunt the Empress Dowager is included in the invitation.



## REVIEW.

## BAEDEKER'S CHINA.

The latest Edition of the world-renowned Baedeker has extended its descriptive pages to China, and we reproduce here an extract (to which we have obtained exclusive copyright) from its paragraphs on Shanghai:—

"For those who are seeking a haunt that will combine lovely scenery, freedom from excessive heat, pure air and quietude, Shanghai is altogether desirable. Lying on the broad estuary in the middle of the wide sweep of the limpid Whangpoo, nestling under precipitous stacks and soaring godowns, and decked in its environs with bosky covers, sylvan glades and waving corn [? paddy. Ed.] it occupies a romantic position that few places can rival. In it are focussed the many and varied beauties of river, hill and coast scenery. For the young, the robust and the old it alike caters, and visitors can stroll along wide-reaching, firm, level sands, fish in the Soochow creek or take a sail out to sea, whichever appeals to them most strongly.

"Shanghai could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered a fashionable watering place; but for those in search of a quiet country resort, at once healthy and economical, few better can be found. Sheltered, as it is, from the North by outlying woods, at all times of the year resonant with the happy songs of birds, Shanghai during the summer months is said to equal Torquay in the mildness of its air, and is largely resorted to by those afflicted with diseases of the respiratory organs. The etymology of the name of the town (*Shang* 上 'a smell' and *hai* 海 'heaven'—'a heavenly smell') is an instance of how thoroughly the Chinese appreciate the attractions of this pleasant spot.

"The Whangpoo affords one of the most convenient places in China for boating, either with sail or by oar. The beach all the way from the Public Gardens to the further end of the Chinese Bund affords an easy and commodious landing at all states of the tide, and, as it is situated in a well sheltered harbour where there is little traffic, aquatic pursuits are largely indulged in.

"That part of the town set aside for the residence of foreigners has aptly been called the 'Model Settlement.' There the suave Chinaman on pigeon [sic. Ed.] bent bustles along, and the gladsome coolie (grateful for the protection afforded him by those whom he realises as belonging to a more intelligent race) may be seen to wend with his burden his happy way, tuning his supple song as he goes.

"The Public Authority or 'Municipal Council' (as it is termed) has been for many years the pillar of justice, considerateness and concord (hence its motto of 'omnia juncta in uno') and, inflexible in its dealings with land-grabbers, has always been open to persuasion where the interests of the rate-payers are at stake or where principles European are likely to conflict with customs Chinese.

"The excessive morality of the town has well been ascribed to the numbers of missionaries who follow their pious calling within its walls.

"Altogether Shanghai is well called 'The Jewel of Asia,' and the feelings of the immortal bard can be appreciated when he wrote—

*"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
"Angulus ridet."*

"During the summer evenings the Municipal Band discourses sweet music in the Public Gardens where the beauty and fashion of Shanghai are gathered together. When the Volunteers turn out, it is the Band with their well-fitting tunics, proud bearing and martial appearance that strikes terror into the heart of the cowering Mongol.

"From the summit of that noble pile, the Pagoda, a fine panorama can be seen embracing three provinces. Open Mondays and Thursdays from 10 to dusk. Adults \$1. Children half-price. The money (under the patronage of the U.S. Consul General) goes to the Taotai's fund for supplying the local gentry with nail-scissors.

"The Club Bar is the largest and most thriving in the East and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. [N.B.—The Shanghai Club is used exclusively by foreigners.]

"Among manufactures are yarns [The 'Bunder homespun' is considered the most fashionable].

"To intending visitors we strongly recommend the Central Hotel. It is a comfortable and quiet hostelry and is within 5 minutes walk—or 20 minutes by ricksha—of the Museum, the Cathedral and the Police Station."

## To Lucy.

*[On the back of a programme brushed up with the dust and broken glass on the morning of 1st December 1900.]*

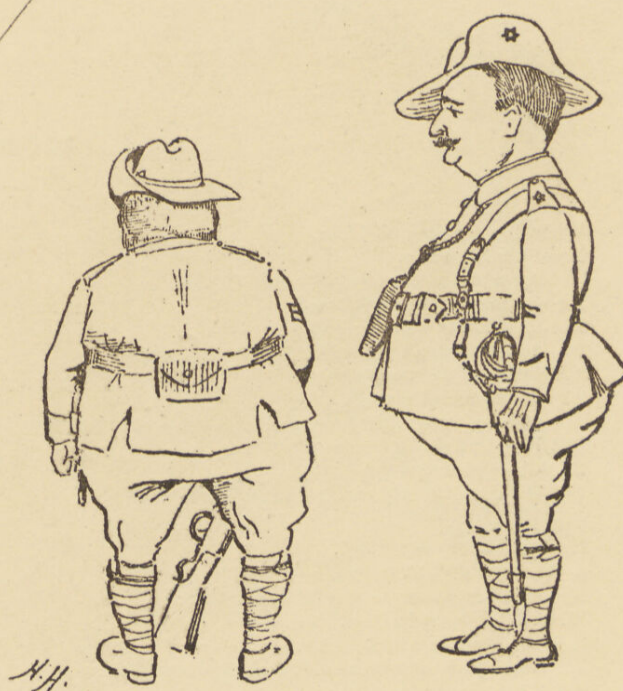
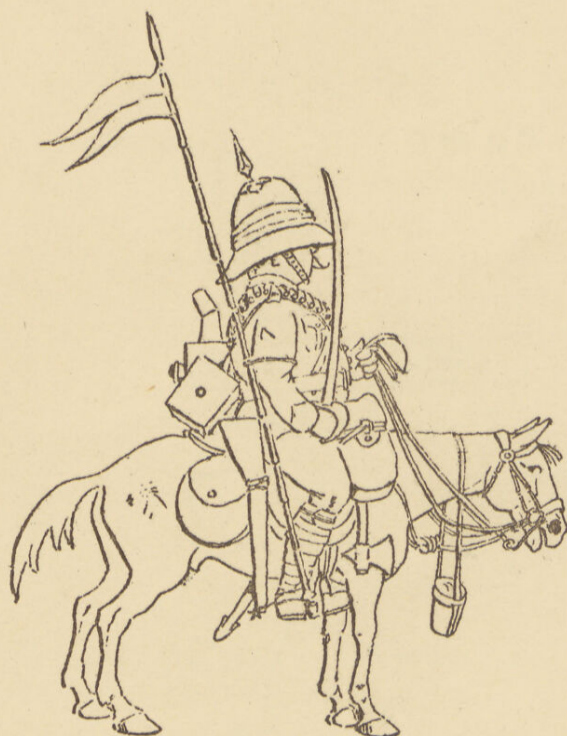
Not a note you hear of the maddening dance,  
As the menu you con with pleasure;  
No item escapes your searching glance,  
For this is your hour of leisure.

I wait you sadly, punctual quite,  
On the spot where I often found you,  
In the dazzling ball-room's garish light,  
With the butterfly crowd around you.

No useless expression leaves my breast,  
No solace I find in swearing;  
But I stand like a wallflower taking its rest,  
While the other folks are pairing.

Oh, a man may sneer if a girl gives up  
His dance (men are so hasty);  
But little you care if one lets you sup  
And the haggis is hot and tasty.





SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## ROUND THE CAMP.



BLUSHING BALUCHI.—“Allah is great!  
but these things do beat mine  
understandings.”




---

 WORRY.

When I was young and fair  
I met a millionaire,  
A reg'lar wild and woolly sort of bounder  
He was more than partly mad,  
But he paid for what he had,  
As many don't whose intellects are sounder.  
“My chuck,” he used to say,  
“I've a thousand pounds a day,  
“Though you wished to spend it all you couldn't do it.”  
But I said “Just let me try!”  
He did—and may I die  
If I didn't pretty nearly worry through it.

He bought for me a horse,  
A thoroughbred, of course,  
And just about as playful as a kitten;  
When I got upon its back  
It shook me like a sack  
And I lost my seat as quick as this is written;  
But I found a hedge of thorn,  
And my what's-their-names were torn,  
And the rent was where 'twas difficult to view it,  
Namely rather in arrear,  
And had any one been near  
I'd have really had a lot of worry through it.

I never was the same  
Since I tried this little game;  
I think my nerves had suffered from the knocking;  
For I used to sit and shake  
While I saw a rat or snake,  
And the way the creatures pestered me was shocking.  
The doctor was so kind,  
And he said “Oh, never mind,  
Your system's rather weak, we must renew it;  
Ten drops of this a day.”  
I chucked the stuff away—  
But I managed, as you see, to worry through it.

Well this was long ago;  
Now my funds are rather low,  
So many a time I'm short of bread and butter;  
And that is how it is  
That a thimblefull of “fiz”  
Pretty generally lands me in the gutter.  
And that's the reason why  
The copper hurt his eye  
And found himself before he hardly knew it  
Lying peaceful underneath  
With his thumb between my teeth  
And hoping that I wouldn't worry through it!



## THE TYRANNY OF AH KUM.

---

The morn is grey, and with her tray  
And tranquil look of far away  
She smilingly proclaims the day.

She bids me rise, nor heeds my sighs ;  
The droop of my unwilling eyes  
Bespeaks a morning sacrifice.

'Tis hers to choose the skirt and shoes,  
Nor dare I stomacher refuse,  
Save subtly by an artful ruse.

She braids my hair, nor can I ere  
Be mistress of its daily wear :  
She readjusts it then and there.

What meats I fancy I should think  
Were my concern, as too my drink,  
But no, my views I have to sink.

Hers to command while I obey,  
Hers to receive and mine to pay,  
Until at length will come a day

When, from submission to attack,  
Upon the past I turn my back,  
And give the good old soul the sack.



## CONUNDRUM.

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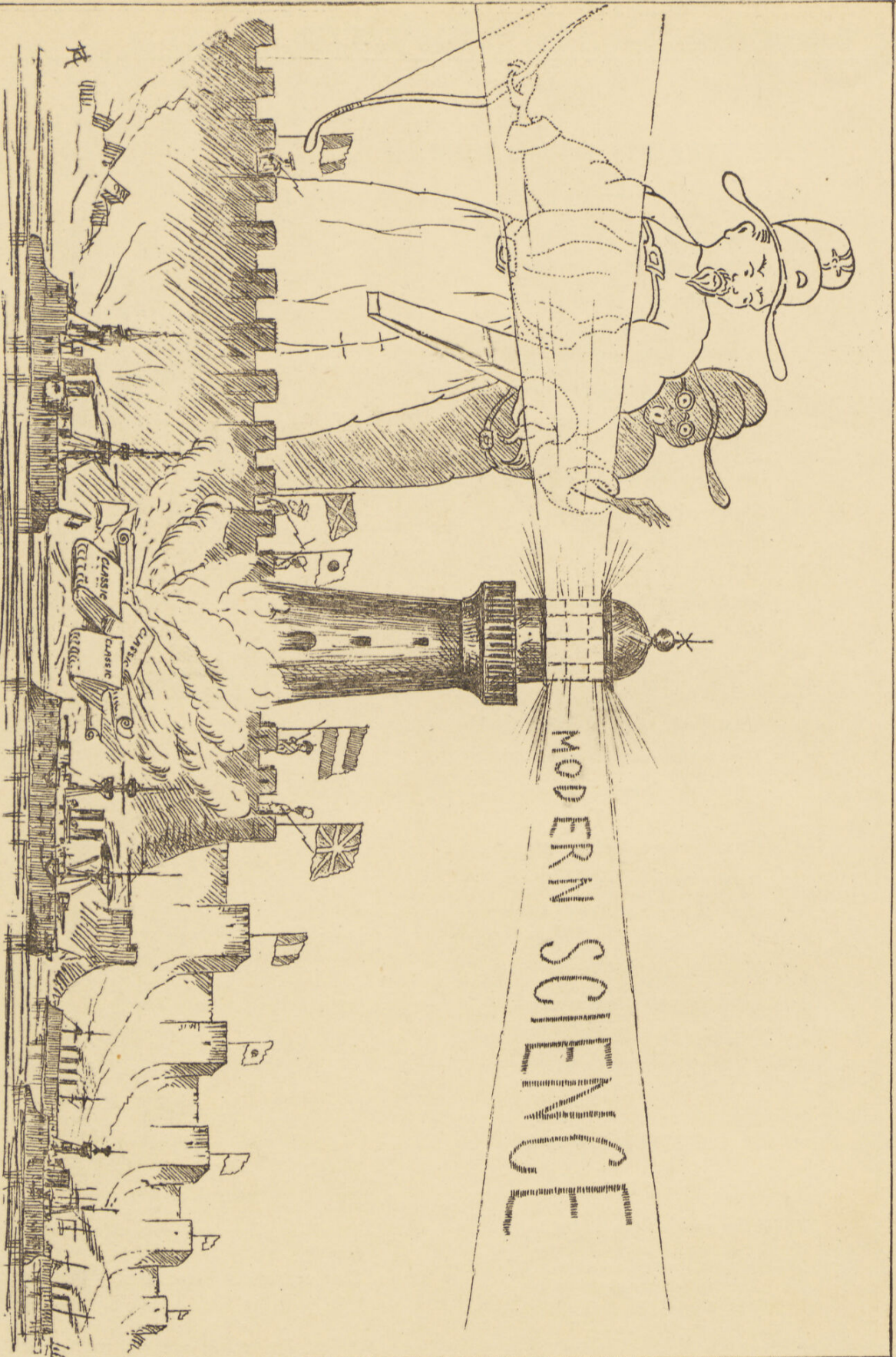
Q.—Why wouldn't the bat bat ?

A.—Because the fieldfare wouldn't field fair.

H. H.

ONE MORE OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.





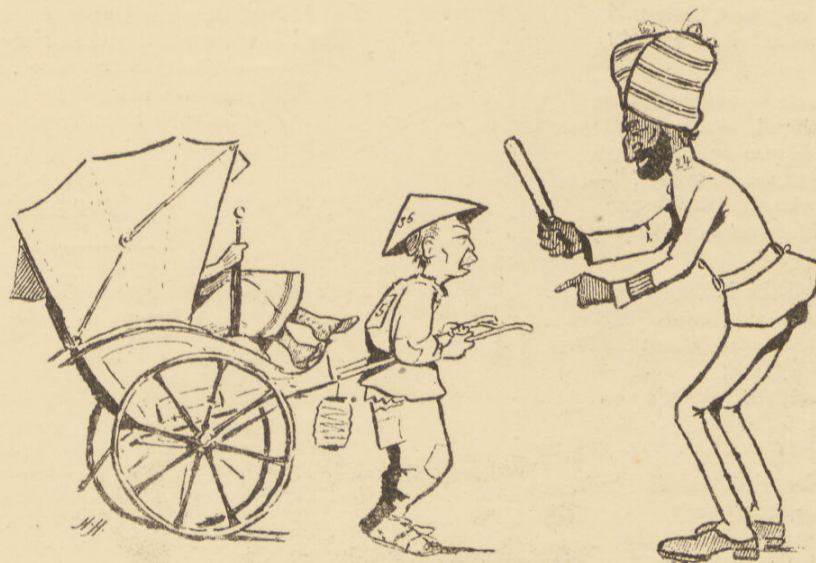
### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

A lighthouse has been established on the end of the Great Wall !

Shades of Hsi Hwang-ti and Yunglo !!



## *A Primer of Oriental Anthropolgy.*



### No. I.—*The Sikh.*

*Here, lit-tle dar-lings, is a Sikh,  
His ne-ther limbs are long and weak  
From stand-ing in the street all day  
And bid-ding rick-shaws go a-way.  
See what he wears up-on his head,  
A gor-geous tur-ban, where 'tis said  
He of-ten keeps a nest of mice,  
Which sure-ly is not ve-ry nice.  
When you are big, if you should be  
In the Mu-ni-ci-pal-i-ty,*

*The Sikh would say to you "Sa-laam!"  
As sweet-ly as a black baa lamb.  
But if (O fie!) you combed the beach,  
And of the peace should make a breach,  
Al-though his ne-ther limbs are thin  
The Sikh would prompt-ly run you in,  
And would not give a tin-ker's d—  
If you then said to him "Sa-laam!"  
Learn to be so-ber, chaste and meek,  
And ne-ver hide from a-ny Sikh.*



## A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

Down in the Gardens, where soft breathed  
The music of the band,  
The Flapper and the Midshipman  
Were walking hand in hand.  
"If this could only last," she said,  
"Oh! wouldn't it be grand?"

"But sailors have in every port  
"A sweetheart, so men say,  
"Ah! dear, will you be true to me  
"When you are far away?"—  
E'en as she spoke the band began  
*Love's Old Sweet Song* to play.

The Flapper and the Midshipman  
Walked on a yard or so,  
Until they happened upon a seat  
Conveniently low;  
And, as they sat, the Middy's arm  
About her waist did go.

"Dear love," he cried, the time has come  
"A sad farewell to say,  
"My ownest own, remember me  
"When I am far away,  
"And I will come and wed you, sweet,  
"When I've a bit more pay."

"Oh! Middy dear," the Flapper cried,  
"Banish these craven fears  
"That I shall not be true to thee,  
"Though I may wait for years!"—  
"Good-bye, sweetheart," the Middy said,  
—They kissed again with tears.

It happened that the Subaltern,  
Returning from the Club,  
Perceived the parting of the two  
Behind a sheltring shrub.  
"A tasty bit," he said,—"He was  
A very Junior Sub.

Next evening, where the lipping waves  
Caress the Garden-strand,  
The Flapper and the Subaltern  
Were walking hand in hand;  
And they were there ostensibly  
To listen to the band.

Six weeks had passed, and on the pier  
To which all men repair  
In far off Southsea, where the skies  
(And all the maids) are fair,  
The Midshipman was talking to  
A girl with golden hair.

Now three months back, upon that pier,  
'Neath night's protecting shade,  
The self-same youthful Subaltern  
And eke that fair-haired maid  
Had plighted troth, the while the band  
*When Other Lips* had played.

For such is Life! While waves shall beat,  
And stars shall wink above,  
And bands shall play, and Flappers flap,  
—Wherever they may rove,  
A Middy and a Junior Sub  
Must always be in love.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DULCIE—We should strongly advise you to employ Madame X.  
Orders addressed *c/o* THE RATTLE will have  
prompt attention. You should supply family  
history yourself, but she will add local colour and  
work up the whole into a vivid and picturesque  
narrative. You need not invite her to the wedding.

WAITING—If you are right in supposing that the postage has  
been paid, it is useless to expect the B. P. O. to  
move in the matter. You should send your own  
coolie round periodically to enquire.

## THE SITUATION.

Mysterious, evasive, undefined—  
A cloudy pillar shot with lurid flame,  
A quiet angry snake, a crazy game  
Of madmen playing for an orange rind—  
How shall I dare to speak of thee? The mind  
Recoils in terror half and half in shame  
Before the monstrous riddle of thy name:  
In short, dear Bob, your offer is declined.  
I will not prophesy, yet there be men,  
Aye, men indeed there be who do not fear  
The task of guessing things beyond their ken;  
Tea-tasters, languid till the spring is here,  
Brokers, who snatch a moment now and then,  
And Consuls, who have leisure all the year.

## N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of  
light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than  
sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than  
long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate  
reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work.  
MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish  
will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable,  
however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, MARCH 1901

[No. 3

## EN PASSANT.



"Well, I'm . . . cangued !! "

the sea as ever came out of it; let the Light Horse be content with their last shuffle of officers; old units maintain their old efficiency and new ones shew their grit. So shall the merry Maloo's Saturday splendour be shorn in no whit of its bygone glories, and the weekly spread of soldiery be thicker than ever down the middle of the Bund.

It has been said, with what degree of truth we know not, that the arch-organiser and solid soldier,

THE Volunteer training season looms very near if it has not already begun, and it should be the best ever put in. New hats, new guns, new life, the summer's experience, and the cynical critical, eye of the Staff Corps subaltern, all are here and all ought to tend to smartness. With W. D. on leave and Glu flitting it is for "A" Company to prove again that there are as good fish in

in whose ward is Britannia's latest experiment in moulding Asiatics to her needs and their own advantages, has issued an Edict throughout the length and breadth of Wei-hai-wei that pidjin English shall not be spoke. If this be so, 'twere time we heard the China Ass begin his wonted bray, and this time the great heart of the people would beat in sympathy. No, such an æsthetic blunder would never have been sanctioned, 'twould have been vetoed from Peking, or from Wales where they have a society to look after such things. We would however much prefer to hear you say you're *innocent, mon colonel.*

What a field for the display of diplomatic acumen has China become. What a hunting-ground for the attaché in search of a career. The army waits impatiently and wonders what it was brought here for, the missionary chafes at his enforced stay in civilization and out of sheer *ennui* pokes his prying finger into his neighbour's pie; and all the while ministers interchange notes at polite intervals, the terms of which are rejected by the bulk of "my dear colleagues," each of whom in turn puts his own little notions forward and so the trivial round goes on.

The saying about imitation and flattery has come home to us very forcibly since the issue of the last number of THE RATTLE. One of our contemporaries has tried the plan of standing down for a time with a view doubtless to an enormous increase of circulation after



resurrection, and we trust that success, in their case also, has attended the effort. The coy manner in which the first number after the lull just dropped in as usual as though nothing had happened was a rare move; no petulant allusion to rebellious printers, no apology for an editor's toot, no reference even to the yarn about the keys, not even a "Here we are again" in the spirit of Punchinello, but a quiet and dignified resumption of duty as though, forsooth, there'd been a week of Sundays in the meanwhile. A skilful interlude. Delicious innocence. Make it a month next time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hongkong Race Week, second only in importance in the eyes of a Shanghai sportsman to his own, is at hand. A sprinkling of the leisured few, owners and riders, make the usual pilgrimage as aforetime and are "full of wise saws and modern instances" when our own Spring meeting follows a month or two later. The Australian sub is the new feature. How will he turn out? Will this climate suit him better than that? Or is the told-you-so brigade to triumph? These are some of the conundrums which the trip to Hongkong will help to solve. Another attraction is the renewal of the Set-Desert King duel and, with all the Colony huzzaying for him, the monarch of the wilderness should surely turn the tables on the monosyllabic brat who wrestled so successfully with him in the autumn. There be wags however who assert that Baluchi will beat them both.

\* \* \* \* \*

Touching the prospects of a good meeting in May,—Amphion, Loyalty, The Dealer, Touch-me-not, Igel, and then the tale is told, the rest are rotten. Of griffins Referee and Shell-me-not from last year are worth considering and this year there is not a sign of one. Rumours of a mob in Newchwang help to while away the time in the coffee room but don't get us any forrader, and, what is worse, the dearth is not confined to ponies but seems to have affected the crop of jockeys too; the cry for new blood is as loud on the course as—elsewhere. Of the old gang there are signs of adiposity among two or three and 'tis wi' deeficulty they worry down to 10.12.

Here where the world is quiet,  
And men have simple views,  
Munching for daily diet  
The dusty *Daily News*;  
We long for nothing better  
Than dryer days or wetter,  
Nor chafe against a fetter  
We should not care to lose.

We cultivate digestions,  
And chew the pensive straw,  
Leaving vexatious questions  
To men of stronger jaw;  
Shengko and varied prices,  
Foreshores and summer ices,  
Consuls and bearded "Vices,"  
And Court-of-Consuls law.

No use for one that rouses  
The world to mend its ways,  
But blameless heads of houses,  
Dim sparks of other days,  
Who find it keenest pleasure,  
In hours of busy leisure,  
To wag their heads and measure  
To old things ancient praise.

They face the weekly meeting,  
They make the tale of bricks,  
Knowing their life but fleeting,  
Their payment only kicks;  
Till like a cheque post-dated  
Of payment long belated  
At length the new created  
Council is really born.

Yet though one vow to do it  
He may not well attain  
To frown at things with Hewett  
Or smile at things with Bayne;  
Though one declaims or poses  
Before our very noses  
What time the ballot closes  
In the end he does not gain.

From too much love of fussing,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We choose without discussing  
The happy three times three;  
If Councils lived for ever  
We might perhaps endeavour  
To pick them merely clever  
Like B. or else like B.





## CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF.

No. VIII.—Mr. DIETRICH.

The near approach of the spring training and the recently held general meeting of the Shanghai Race Club have prompted THE RATTLE to continue its series of "Celebrities of the Turf."

What more fitting subject, then, could possibly be chosen than that which our artist has endeavoured to portray in the present number.

Mr. Dietrich arrived in Shanghai in 1895 and started riding in the following year. Since then, by dint of much hard work and perseverance, with the assistance of plenty of pluck wrapped up in a very small body, he has succeeded in raising himself to a prominent position among our gentlemen riders.

On account of the smallness of his stature, and because, at one period of his career, he was possessed

of a style entirely his own, his friends gave him the soubriquet of Tod Sloan—but we are not allowed to call him by this name any more!

The first race which Mr. Dietrich won was the Jockey Cup in the spring of 1898, on Chessy, a pony with whom his name has been closely associated ever since. Of his other winning mounts he looks back with the greatest satisfaction on Fraser, Balder, and that very fine steeplechaser Uncas, winner of three "Grand Nationals" in succession besides other races and paper hunts.

Being of a modest disposition it follows that his wins are always popular, and his pleasing smile and graceful bow as he is led triumphant past the Grand Stand have rarely been equalled and certainly never surpassed.

He is a good-natured fellow and he has promised not to shoot the artist.



**"THERE'S (H)AIR!!!"**



**O O M**

AS WE USED TO KNOW HIM.

AS WE HAVE TO KNOW HIM NOW  
(according to the latest Picture Papers).

**WHAT WE WANT IN THE TREATY.**

That Chinese girls unbind their feet,  
And Foreign girls unlace their stays,  
So more like sisters shall they meet  
And understand each others ways.

That evening dresses cover more  
And less of nature's charms display.  
The modest Amah, puzzled sore,  
Regards our costumes with dismay.

That missionaries be left to preach  
The Gospel and advance the kirk,  
But do not undertake to teach  
The local Mandarin his work.

That China drops the Likin pest,  
That Merchants study honesty,  
And cease to use false manifest  
And invoice cooked for Customs fee.

That anti-opium cranks shall strive  
To cure the Londoner of gin  
That poppy-fields shall cease to thrive  
When all the world is free from sin.

That agents of the Press who lie  
In papers Western or Chinese,  
Be speedily condemned to die,  
'Til truth shall travel o'er the seas.

That Mandarins shall come to see  
The beauties of eternal peace,  
By noting how the Powers agree  
And international bickerings cease.



## S. V. C.

[*The Volunteer training will shortly be upon us. We accordingly append here a few Memos. for our Defenders.*]

When in a ricksha you pass an officer and are in doubt what to do, consult your "Red-book." If it is not in your pocket, look the other way.

If the time of the Parade is not given on the Order, to ensure punctuality, go to the usual place on the Bund at 6 a.m. and wait there till the Adjutant arrives.

If you are at the head of your battalion at inspection and your pony is restless, try to look unconcerned and whistle "Home, Sweet Home" to him, beating time on his stomach with your scabbard.

In case your rear rank man is likely to obey the Order "Charge bayonets" it is as well to go to parade with a padded seat.

Never grumble if you are kept waiting in the cold while the C.O. is discussing with the Adjutant the colour of your bootlaces. It is one of the privileges of a soldier to look cheerful under all circumstances.

On the caution "Present Arms" take one pace to the right with the left foot and three paces to the front with both feet simultaneously and lay your rifle, barrel outwards, before your C.O. It is an act of devotion which is much appreciated.

Remember that the definition of "tactics" is "The arts employed by a private for evading drills."

If your tunic doesn't fit, consult the cutter-out, whose military experience bears a world-wide reputation.

If the order "Charge Magazines" is followed by that of "Examine Arms," look down the muzzle of your neighbour's rifle and take care that he pulls the trigger before he closes the cut-off.

If you are a sergeant, always choose nights for section drills when the Recreation Ground is a foot deep in water. The proverbial hardness of the British soldier must be maintained even in the Far East.

If ordered to fall out to tighten your belt, emphatically decline to do so, and argue the matter from a hygienic point of view, illustrating your case with examples from "Taylor on Diseases of the Oesophagus." It is better to disobey orders than to impair the digestion.

If at Sikh Drill and the men are on the giggle, appeal to the Major Commanding, as he knows the proper language. If he declines to take action, write to the Papers.

If you have forgotten your number and the order is "Form Fours," come to the slope, fall out and count the files. You will find the binomial theorem a useful adjunct.

Should you have no boots, wear brown leather shoes and red socks, as vermilion is a lucky colour with the Chinese. Your Section Commander may object and call your turn-out a bootless one. However, tell him to masticate his forage cap.

Should you have to go into action, take one glance at the Municipal Council colours. If they don't inspire you, sing "Happy Band of Pilgrims" to the tune of "Phyllis is my only joy" and repeat the Multiplication Table backwards.

Should you still feel unnerved, go to your C.O. and tell him to advise the City Fathers to come to terms, using the argument that precious Celestial lives should not be thrown away.

We are credibly informed that the medal to be issued to the British Volunteers is to be struck as follows:—

*Face.*—The head of an Englishman in profile wearing a top hat and eye-glass and a blossom of Consilium Municipale var: officinale in his button-hole.

Underneath "Fortiter in modo, suaviter in re."

*Obverse.*—Two Volunteer reserve privates in uniform smoking with glasses in their hands. In the background the Club Bar and attendants behind. Above "Shanghai, 1900-1901."

This medal, according to the Orders, is to be worn on the left breast and opposite to the 7th button of the tunic and between the Long Service and Jubilee medals.

## CHITTERLINGS.

I heard a greedy boaster say aloud

"There is no food whereon I have not chowed,"

I questioned him of Chitterlings, and, lo,

He hid his face, and mingled with the crowd.

O. K.



## KICKS.



Have you seen the way the *bon Français*  
Will settle a small affair  
When his *chère amie* has been too free  
With his rivals Jacques or Pierre?  
He lays them flat with a knock like that,  
For its quite quite the thing, you know,  
For the French *élite* to use their feet,  
And kick just so!



Now this is the trick, the particular kick  
Of the battery mule of song;  
And woe betide if your head's inside  
His range, for you don't live long!  
His legs are stout, and he reaches out,  
As results will often show,  
For you drop on your back like a half-filled sack,  
And kick just so!

If you asked me why I kicked so high  
I'd say "Because one shows  
Plenty of grace and a cloud of lace  
And a length or more of hose."  
But what's the use of any excuse—  
If a girl has lots of go,  
And is pretty and slim, and straight of limb,  
She'll kick just so!



With the animals too its just as true  
That they love to use their heels;  
And one must deplore that they don't think more  
Of what the neighbour feels.  
For this is how the milking cow  
Lets out a useful blow;  
And the maid comes down and bumps her crown,  
And kicks just so!





## FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON,

7th December 1900.

Very few have realized the enormous changes that the L.C.C. has accomplished in pulling down and sweeping up our houses and streets.

They are pulling down the Strand and Fleet Street, in order to gain a bolder view of St. Paul's Cathedral, and for the abolition of an effete Press.

But more than these is the passing away of Holywell Street, with its store of antique literature, mediæval art and works on Christian and all knowledge. No more will the ancient cleric worry through the book boxes, no more the enthusiastic youth gather from its miscellaneous stock the beginning of a life's experience.

Dances are now in full swing, so I am told, but after several years of breaking the furniture and fixings of the harmless and necessary dance-giver, she makes a slanting stroke with her dainty blue pencil right through one's name. I am not, therefore, in a position to give first-hand information. But the select Subscription Balls are flourishing—washed down with barley water, Cherry toothpaste, sandwiches, green cutlets and pink jellies—as ever. How any self- and partner-respecting man can dance Kitchen Lancers—why are they tolerated? Tut! Tut! Has the eye of the chaperone been affected by the wall she sits against? A very few young things look charming with everything coming down. The vast majority do not. In fact they look—well, “odd.” No matter, we are to have new dances in all the very best tied houses. “The Baden Powell, Chase me girls”—“The Buller Bolero” and “The Mafeking Make-it-lively.” All are of the free and easy, “abandon hope all ye” style, and if they don't sicken the dancing world it will be because it has trained on sweet Champagne and Bunny Polkas.

At many private dances there is smoking while you dance,—an excellent feature. The men smoke pipes and cigars and the ladies chew cigarettes.

I have been trying to interview a General for “THE RATTLE,” but the crowd and the police were so dense that I had to bring up under the lee of a cat's-meat merchant who was conversing on the General and the War with a tall young man in a collar.

“’E’s the gritest genral in the bloomin’ awmy, ain’t ’e?” “Well, I should hardly say he was absolutely——” “Well, any’aw ’es copped Mr. bloomin’ Krewjer and mide ’im prisoner.” “I assure you you are absolutely misinformed as to——” “Well, ow abart Lydysmith and the bloomin’ ’orse sorseges wot the bloomin’ War Orfice served art?” “Excuse me, the War Office are absolutely blameless in that matter.” “Yuss, and ’oos to blime fer the bloomin’ guns wot wouldn’t go orf?” “In discussing the question of guns it is absolutely essential——” “Ere! wot did ’e want the Nivy to ’elp im fer?” “And it has been absolutely proved on the best authority——” “Oh gar’n with yer authority; did

’is missis give ’im authority to tike art a French bloomin’ cook wiv im?” “So that the advance in close order is absolutely obsolete——” “And they sy as ’e was settin’ in his bloomin’ tent wiv the French cook on his bloomin’ knee when——” “My original contention, that with a line of attack ten or more miles——” “Gorlummy! Cheese it cocky, ’Ow’s a bloomin’ Genral to mike issell ’eard ten mile. Rats to you, sir.” “You hopelessly abject, cats-meating, absolutely bloomin’ little rotter.” “Ere, tike yer absolutely bloomin’ fice ome, and scrub it.” [*Enter Policeman.*]—“Move on ’ere, move on.” [*Exit the Cat Butcher, the man with the enclosed neck, and*

THE RATTLEMAN.]

## A BALLADE OF BOKE.

My pulses beat at freedom's call;  
Yours was the voice that first awoke,  
Within the bosom of a thrall,  
An animated heart of oak!  
I never much desired to choke  
A living man until you came—  
You're such a stimulating bloke;  
How ought we to pronounce your name?

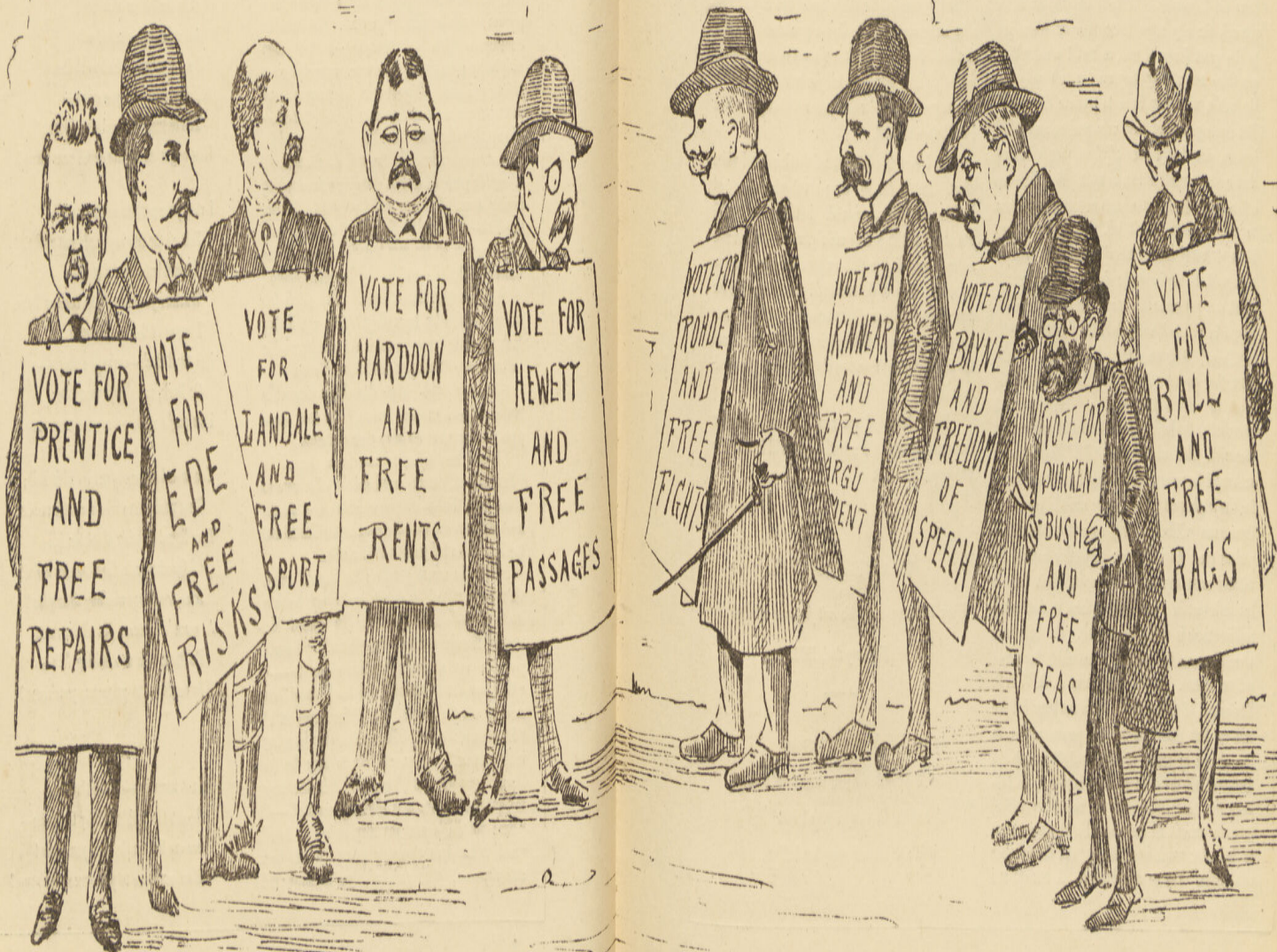
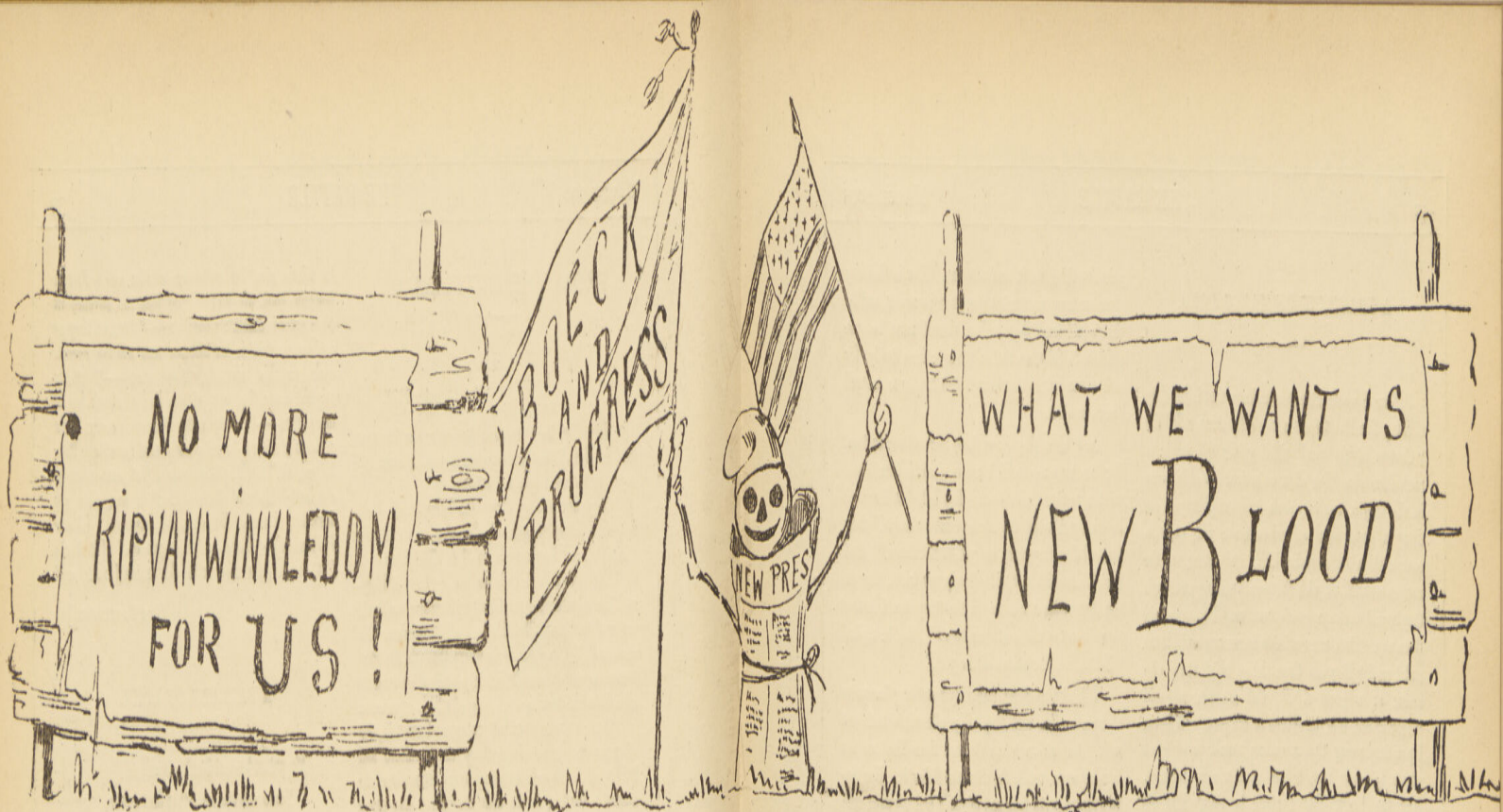
I read your posters on the wall,  
Echoed the ringing words you spoke,  
And cared but little, if at all,  
Whether your name was Beck or Boke.  
I tasted of the battle-smoke,  
I shouted Bock—perhaps a shame—  
Or Buck, not always as a joke:  
How ought we to pronounce your name?

You would not cast your lot with Ball;  
That would have been a master stroke,  
Thus linked to bring about the fall  
Of Quackenbush, the Council's moke!  
Alas, for slaves who hug their yoke!  
A worm 's a worm; but all the same  
Be frank with us admiring folk—  
How ought we to pronounce your name?

## ENVOY.

Do not harangue—Do not invoke—  
Be not too pushful—Play the game—  
These are the simple rules you broke!  
How ought we to pronounce your name?





Never too proud to take a hint, our City Fathers propose in future to proclaim their "platforms" to the public before the general election.



## A FRAGMENT OF MARCO POLO.

Now I would have you to know that in the City of Sung Hae Hae there is a wonderful thing called the "Custom of the port" which guides the people in marvellous wise. For when we arrived from Chipangu in the ship it was very dark, and straightway at the Jetty a great babel of voices arose with none to control them. Men rushed hither and thither, and the natives assailed us with fierce cries making as though they would take our goods from us. Yet none said them nay. Then unquenchable anger arose within me and I cried "How can these things befall those who arrive at a great city." But one near me said "Trouble not, it is the custom of the port." Whereat I pondered seeing that a custom should be of great power to make men endure such woe in patience. And the longer that I abode in Sung Hae the more did I wonder. For some chariots are driven through the city much faster than all others and to the great danger of men, so that I asked "Who are these men; surely they are the rich and wise, the rulers, who make haste to preserve the state?" But one replied that they were prudent men called brokers, rich though none adjudged them wise, and that custom permitted them so to do. Now there are other things done by the same custom too numerous to tell, but some I will tell. For they have two kinds of money called "Meks" and "Tales," and he that goeth to buy is perplexed, for he knoweth not in which sort payment will be demanded, so that he often buyeth in "Meks" and behold the "count" cometh in "Tales." And when they play a game of chance there they do not pay money as in the cities of the West, but only a paper called a "Xit," so that I marvelled at the foolishness of those that were content therewith. But whether the "Xit" is afterwards exchanged for money, not knowing, I prefer not to say, for the inhabitants themselves are doubtful concerning these same "Xits." Verily an evil custom and a parlous one. And there are also other papers distributed every day called newspapers, albeit there is but little that is "new" within them, so that in the reading there is weariness of spirit. For three parts thereof concern the goods of others which they would sell but cannot. Now these are called A. D. V. T. S. The reason of this spelling I could not learn, but one told me that those who own the papers put them in free of cost by reason of their goodwill towards the destitute. Of the truth of this I know not, but I do know that those who write the papers are full of goodwill towards all mankind. For they never cease to tell other people how best they can manage their own affairs. Yet no man heedeth. A strange and

grievous thing as it seems to me. Now in that city there are many houses but they have no names, and he that would trust the numbers thereof must be sore stricken in folly, so that a stranger fares badly, for each citizen judges that himself and his house are well known to all men.

And when they dance there is a curious custom. For one bade me to his house to meet his friends and tread a measure with them. But lo! when I arrived he cried "Alas all the maidens have 'booked' their dances before they came, and you cannot dance." And I drew him aside and said "Surely, my friend, they do you thereby scant courtesy in that they should be free to wait on the wishes of their host?" But he replied "Not so, it is the custom of the port."

Likewise at Sung Hae they have long banquets at noon so that men may sleep afterwards and not work. But although the Custom there liked me not in many ways, yet do the wise men follow it. For two men strove at law long and mightily and the aged men of the City testified for the space of two days. And after many days that the Judge pronounced for him that had followed the custom; whereat there was great rejoicing. And now I will tell you how I myself came to have great respect for the custom of that port which I had before despised.

For I went to a banquet and drank red and white wines. And at the last came a red wine, clear and luscious, and I drank thereof. But lo as I drank, I was stricken with a sore malady, my head swam and my eyes were dim, so that my friends did carry me to my couch. And in the morning I cried in my woe for a physician, for I marvelled whence this strange illness had come upon me. But my friends said "Trouble not the physician, it is the custom of the port and it cometh from Kalbek."

Now I have told you how I learned to respect that same custom. Of a truth he fares ill in that city who respecteth it not.

## TO A HIGH OFFICIAL.

*Upon the occasion of his exit from the Cathedral,  
February 2nd, 1901.*

At first, I think, we hardly guessed

The motive for your laugh; but soon

We saw the Cross upon your breast

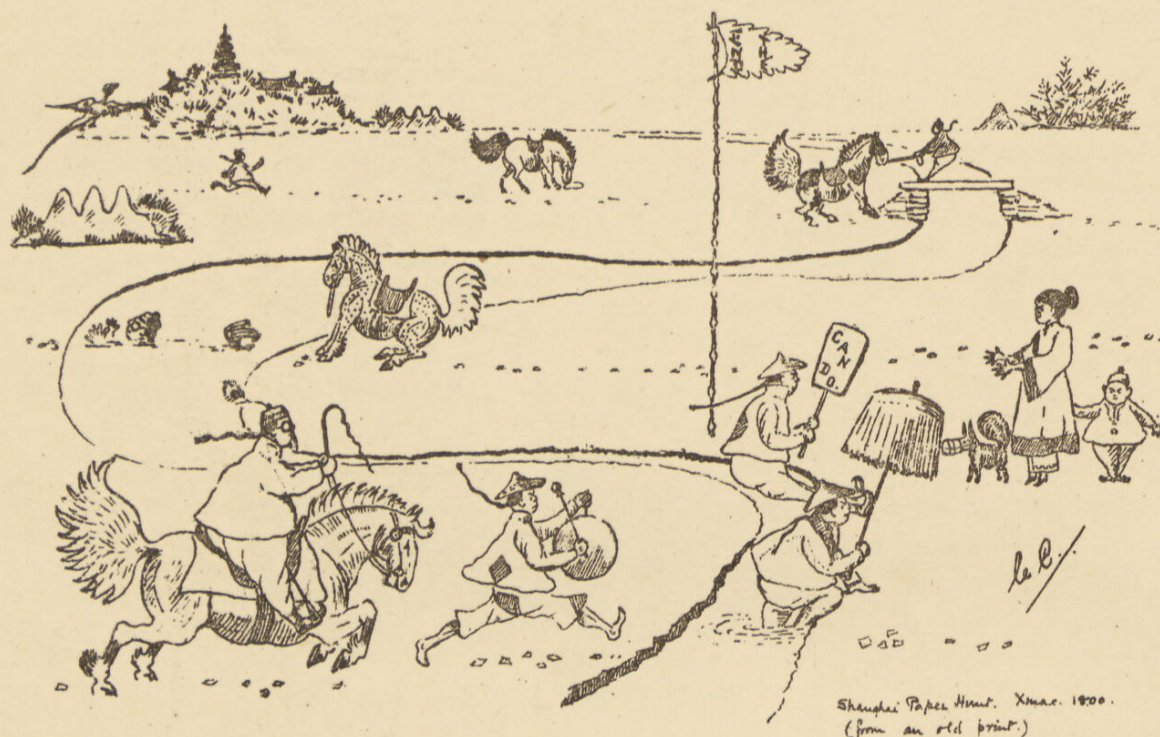
Which honours every low buffoon.





Poor old Jack Heftyman only played hockey with the ladies once, and we distinctly remember his telling us afterwards that these mixed games are absolute rot.





## SHANGHAI PAPER HUNT — XMAS 1800.

[From an old print.]

### THAT HEN.

He shot! I shot! we missed. And then  
Not having harmed a single feather  
We fired against that hapless hen  
Left barrels, both of us together.

The bird was dead, perfectly dead  
And no mistake at all about it;  
A pheasant which has lost its head  
Can't very well exist without it.

Aye! dead she was! I would not speak  
Without at least sufficient ground;  
The corpse was missing: but the beak,  
The liver, and a claw were found.

So thereupon I thought it best  
That I should utterly disclaim  
My undivided interest  
In these accessories of game.



But Juggins would not have it so—  
 A man whose modesty was such  
 As never let him take, I know,  
 Either too little or too much.

He did not say, as others might,  
 "Yours is the glory, yours the gain!"  
 He simply said "I think it right  
 That both should share since both have slain."

And often when the year is new,  
 And friendship circulates the bowl,  
 And I become a martyr to  
 My geniality of soul,

I wonder while I closely scan  
 The placid features of the beak  
 And hear his worship say "My man,  
 It's 50 dollars or a week"—

I say I wonder how I came,  
 With my experience of law,  
 To choose the beak (abhorred name!)  
 And not the liver or the claw.

#### OLD ENGLISH AIR.

"Keep your 'air on."

Come, Shanghai men, get rid of your pen  
 And away to the Race Course hie,  
 Let every man get a game if he can  
 While the Major is standing by;  
 The army shall play the fleet  
 And at hockey and footer meet,  
 And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,  
 Trip it up and down,  
 Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,  
 Trip it up and down.

Then after a week he thought it was cheek  
 To play hockey on the Course,  
 He swore "till all's blue" at footer too  
 And jawed himself fairly hoarse:  
 So hockey is played no more  
 And socker is voted a bore,  
 And only golfers can trip it, trip it,  
 Trip it up and down,  
 And only golfers can trip it, trip it,  
 Trip it up and down.

*Chorus ad lib.*



#### THE LATEST SONG AT THE LATEST "GAFF."

"Yuss,—we're on the way, the Wei hai Wei!!!"

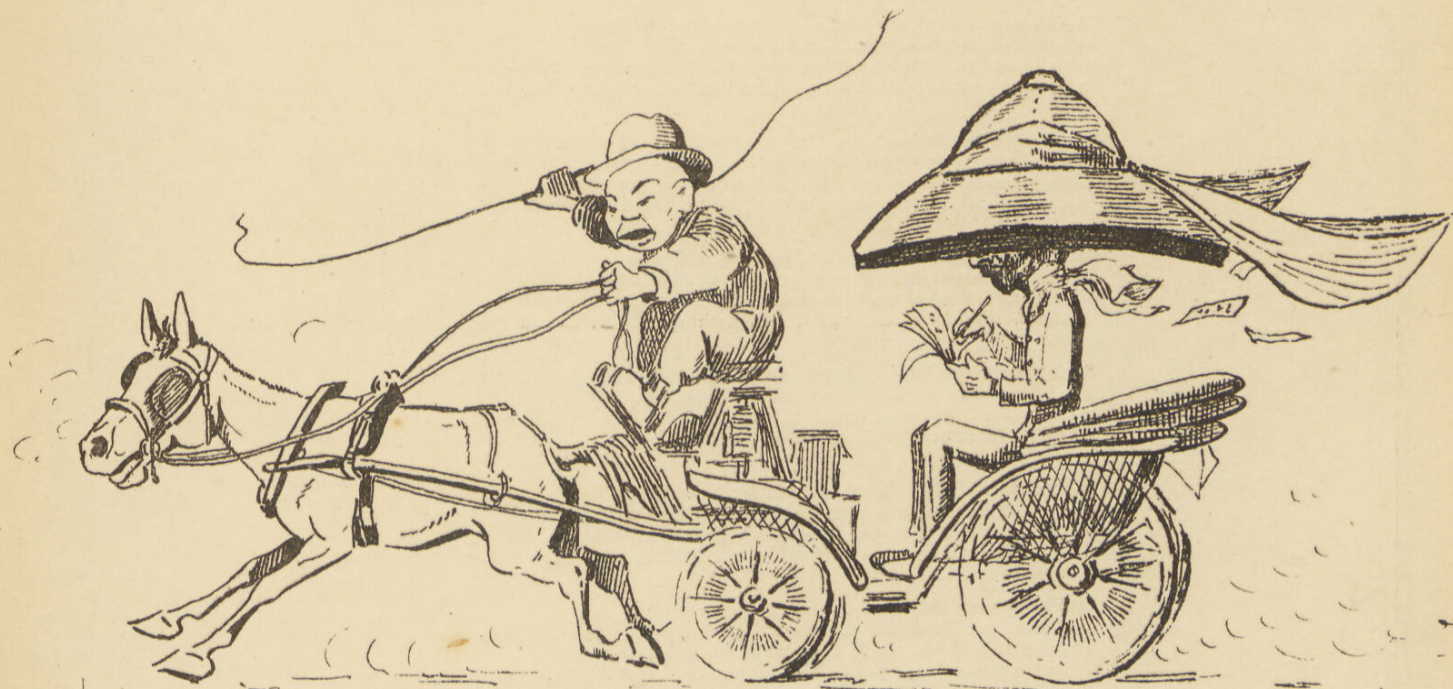




Anybody see where that went ?



## *The Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.*



### *No. II.—The Bro-ker Man.*

*See, chil-dren the poor Bro-ker Man,  
 Of trade's wild strug-gle he's the van.  
 He drives like Je-hu and he flies  
 From Hong to Hong as rates may rise,  
 Beards the fierce Tai-pan in his den,  
 Screams "Eighth up!" and is off again.  
 It is not safe for life or limb  
 To cross the Bund in front of him.  
 At high noon al-ways you can find  
 Him and the o-thers of his kind*

*En-gaged in dredg-ing the Club Bar;  
 From cock-tails his nest fea-thers are.  
 If you should set up for your-self  
 When you grow up, my pret-ty elf,  
 From Bro-ker Men you'd have no rest  
 And by each one you'd be im-pressed,  
 How, since you thrashed him when a boy,  
 'Tis now your du-ty to em-ploy.  
 "Each for himself, catch as catch can,"  
 You learn from the poor Bro-ker Man.*



## THE ANANIAS MICROBE.

[During the last two years the output of lies from Cape Town has probably exceeded anything that has ever been achieved elsewhere in the history of civilization—with the possible exception of Shanghai during the Chinese crisis.—"Truth."]

There's something very subtle in the noble art of Spoof  
As well as in a whisky that is forty over proof,  
But a more insidious something has been clearly proved to lie  
In the strange and potent atmosphere that hovers o'er Shanghai.

'Tis not the gentle fragrance that is wafted down the street  
From shops whereto the coolies throng to munch their mid-day meat;  
'Tis not the inky darkness that the passing tug sends forth  
In copious cloud to stir the soul of Club and Bund to wrath.

This Something is invisible, at least to naked eyes,  
The keenest scent can ne'er detect how, when or where it lies;  
Yet, though it is not smelled or seen, our doctor friends have claimed  
In the interests of Science that the Something must be named.

So following the fashion they have all agreed to find  
The Thing has a bacillus of a most elusive kind;  
They've dealt with it at length in recent columns of the *Times*  
As "The Ananias Microbe and its Spread in Foreign Climes."

It makes its victims deviate from the strait paths of truth,  
They boast of feats accomplished in the palmy days of youth,  
Those giant fish, those record bags with rifle and with gun,  
The ponies they have raced with and the trophies they have won.

Its ravages are limitless, extending wide and far,  
It storms the Clubs and permeates both smoking-room and bar,  
It penetrates the boudoirs and ('twas whispered so to me)  
Assumes a most malignant form when ladies meet for tea.

Is any scandal started with "Of course you mustn't tell"  
And carefully repeated from Hongkew to Bubbling Well?  
On you will ne'er be laid the whole responsibility;  
—The Ananias Microbe bears the burden of the lie.

Is any telegram despatched to anxious London town  
Saying "The Yangtze Valley's 'up' and Boxers coming down?"  
'Tis not to correspondents that for reasons we must look,  
But the Ananias Microbe which we ought to bring to book.

Must we, then, all resign ourselves to patiently endure  
This noxious little germ's attacks? Can there be found *no* cure,  
No antidote by which we may our systems fortify  
Against this fell bacillus which compels us all to lie?

There is, we fear, no remedy—but some men recommend  
The Milk of Human Kindness (if you get the proper blend,  
"Western Civilization Brand"), though we, more drastic, say  
"Cut down your drinks, cut out your tongues and 'cut' from Far Cathay."

## A LOGOGRIPH.

Bounteous of figure, portly to behold—  
A genial Falstaff of a gentlier wit—  
Youngest in humour when the tales are told,  
New-born from winking wine-cups, where we sit;  
Ever thou'lt flourish, though the gods grow old!

## N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.





## ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

[One so rarely finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.]

"I have yet room for six Scotches more."

[*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, Scene 7.]

"E J C" Old Matured Scotch Whisky.

**CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & Co.,**

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS.



# Hatch, Mansfield & Co., Ltd.

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF VINTAGES.

The question of vintages and authenticity is one of the utmost importance, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste. In the case of bad or doubtful vintages, either the grapes never ripened thoroughly, or, owing to mildew, the wines are unsound, and so injurious to health. It is only in good vintage years, when the grapes have obtained perfection and there has been no disease in the vines, that the wine is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is only wines of good vintage that invariably improve by keeping.

The omission to specify any vintage should convey to the purchaser as serious a warning as the specification of a vintage notoriously bad.

Quality depends not so much on the name, however high in repute, as upon the Vintage.

The Public are strenuously warned against Wines of well-known names, but of indifferent years.

## CHAMPAGNE, 1893 VINTAGE.

As the result of a special visit to the Champagne Country in 1896, and of the most careful tasting since that time, we are able to express a very positive opinion that the Vintage of 1893 produced the best Champagne that has been offered, certainly since 1880, probably since 1874. The conditions under which the grapes of this great year ripened and were gathered have never been equalled since the famous year 1865.

## A FEW CLUBS & MESSES SUPPLIED.

### CLUBS.

The Carlton Club, The Naval and Military Club,  
The Junior Carlton Club, The Bath Club,  
The Travellers' Club, The East India United Service Club,  
and others.

The Wines and Spirits are in every instance identically the same as supplied by us to London Clubs and leading customers in England, and are merely a small selection from our stocks.

## A LIST (Published by Permission) of a few amongst those from whom HATCH & CO. have had the honour of receiving Orders.

Her Majesty the Queen.  
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.  
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.  
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H.S.H. The Duke of Teck.  
H.H. Aga Khan (Bombay).  
His Excellency Count Deym.  
Duke of Norfolk, K.G.  
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Marquess of Breadalbane, K.G.  
Marquess of Abergavenny, K.G.  
Marquess of Ely.  
Earl of Galloway, K.T.  
Earl of Dysart.  
Earl of Drogheda.

Earl of Aberdeen.  
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Lord Rayleigh.  
Lord de Saumarez.  
Lord Napier and Ettrick.  
Lord Elibank.  
Lord Muncaster.  
Lord Kenyon.  
Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Lord Sandhurst.  
Lord Cottesloe.  
Lord Tweedmouth.  
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Lord Amherst of Hackney.  
Lord Rendel.

## AGENTS IN CHINA:

# ILBERT & CO.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, MAY 1901

[No. 4

## EN PASSANT.



CACHUCHA.

THE use of the scales and the tape measure is not fully appreciated before men arrive at a certain age and then their importance takes the place of the pencil case and pocket knife of boyhood. But plague on this craze for reduction! Why

should we not be as Providence makes us? At best our efforts are but those of the Tory party, ever stemming the onrush of the tide of progress for a moment to be swept out of the way as the years roll on. Then again suppose the "course" or "process" or whatever it's called were effective, and the fat man followed the dodo into the list of things we read about, one of the principal sources of the humour of the comic papers and of burlesque would be gone, gone too the joviality which a portly frame implies, the art of the cutter lost, waistcoats sold in sizes like gloves, and finally and worst of all Henry the Eighth and The Claimant and such folk would become myths of doubtful authenticity

like Romulus and Remus. No, Marsh, sing to us as much as you will and we will listen by the hour, but leave us our "stout parties" or leave our shores for ever; and, in the fulness of time, when you are but a memory or a nightmare, shall Richard be himself again.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw two urchins battling for her smile,  
And most amusing was the little fray;  
Each had his turn of standing down awhile  
But each dog had his day.

'Twas hard for her to shew no sign of bias,  
She said to me "Like cat with mice at play,  
"My paw to one I give, to one deny, as  
"Each dog will have his day."

To me it fell to soothe them in rotation,  
Mine was the task alternately to say,  
"Cheer up, my man, herein is your salvation,  
"To every dog his day."

\* \* \* \* \*

So the Upper Boat House is to follow the Racquet Court and the Fives Court into the have beens. Dear, dank, tumbledown, old shanty that it's become of late years, it is only fitting that it be put out of its misery, and it won't need a battering ram when the day comes. The Club appears to want two things—first, definitions of "a point of order" and of "an amendment," and second, a new Upper Boat House. It was difficult to understand the Committee's



reluctance to undertake to supply either. Clearly Angelina cannot embark from among the knees and dirty sweaters, and the brand aquatic, with blouse, sailor hat, and a box of chocolates, let us hope will always be with us; added to this they've got the money, so why not have swept away with a word the weak-kneed opposition to the sale that there was to contend with?

\* \* \* \* \*

A representative of the "RATTLE," happening by chance to be passing the Dr—— Town Hall, one Saturday afternoon and noticing the piece of stripy bunting which is trotted out for functions only, crossed the road to see what it was all about; a hasty glance at the notice board left an impression that Loans and Curios were in the wind and a vision of easy terms, perhaps note of hand only, made the trifle for admission seem of no count. But what an awakening! Round the vast hall were scattered in boundless and listless profusion Shanghai's curios. Curios in poke bonnets and white stockings, curios in pigtails arm-in-arm, curios that one sees at auctions in the Boone Road, legal curios, newly married curios, bespectacled curios with "BORE" writ large on every feature, and, as our representative remarked, (he is somewhat of a griffin and his metaphors are hot from the Strand,) he thought it was doubtful if he could raise the price of a cab-fare out of the lot. Half in disgust he was for beating a retreat when it occurred to him that there must have been something to call so weird a collection together. Why of course the Loans! Where did they come in?

There they were. Other peoples' *lares*, reminiscent of dull hosts' small talk, of old Barker's sale, and, in places, of a back street in Tokio. Thank goodness, the band was playing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Light Horse Gazette was a capital little bit of original scrap journalism, telling of energy and something more among the troop. What more we do not pretend to say. A man who forces "cow" to rhyme with "tumbler" has some other merit besides a

nice taste in verse; it is not exactly grit and it is deeper than the soldier's virtue, mere absentmindedness. A trooper whose memory enables him to recall the statistical allusions in an old Harper or Munsey sufficiently accurately to regale his comrades with them far into the small hours, has points as a *raconteur* which might rank him with Rabelais; or should we say with Tartuffe, and look for the cutting from the magazine, in his sleeve? These are puzzling things to think about and we can only gape while such feats are performed and wonder where it will all end. Both numbers of the Gazette were at once enjoyable and interesting, and the "RATTLE" would not desire to do less than wish its little contemporary many happy returns.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is something about our old friend Sheng which commends itself to everyone's attention if not invariably to their respect, and that is the multiplicity of his pursuits. In this he has about him almost the air of a Clamp. He has of course his ordinary everyday work of concocting and suppressing telegrams; 'tis but lately that there has been any cessation of his shenko operations; his finger has been more than once in the peace negotiations pie; under his thumb are grouped syndicates, railway schemes, banks, and a hundred other commercial undertakings both real and imaginary; yet he finds time to try his hand at table decoration, witness that spread in the Foochow Road on a recent melancholy occasion. Are we not justified in the surmise that he could, if need arose, take second clarinet in the Taotai's band, or read the les—— Tut, tut. Anyway he is undoubtedly a man o' pairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TWO BY HONOURS.

Holland and Germany, happy together,  
Sing to each other with genuine joy;  
"Welch has an Eagle for braving the weather  
And Hewett an Orange for lending a buoy."





## POM POM.

They said you had not come to stay,  
That you were bound to go  
To Paoting-fu or Wei-hai-wei,  
And curb the Boxer foe.  
Just think! we might have never known  
What we were parting from,  
If you had left us here alone  
Last year, Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!

Hearing your name I did incline  
(Believe it if you can)  
To curl that scornful lip of mine—  
I am a scornful man.  
I thought you were a kind of toy  
To shoot a mimic bomb,  
A plaything for a little boy.  
Not so! Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom.

'Twas Hotchkiss that one used to praise  
(As well indeed one might),  
And howitzers in many ways  
Are things of pure delight.  
Creusot and Krupp dividing up  
The whole of Christendom—  
Well, fame is fame, but all the same  
Give me Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!

I earn my living with my pen  
Upon a wooden stool,  
And my companions, soulless men,  
Consider me a fool.  
"Listen to that eccentric coon,"  
Says Jerry, Dick, or Tom,  
"He's adding figures to the tune  
"Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!"





A REMINISCENCE OF THE "DALLAS COMPANY."

Are you going to see 'The French Maid'?

Oh! no, my dear. I hear it's vulgar.



## AFTER A MASKED BALL.

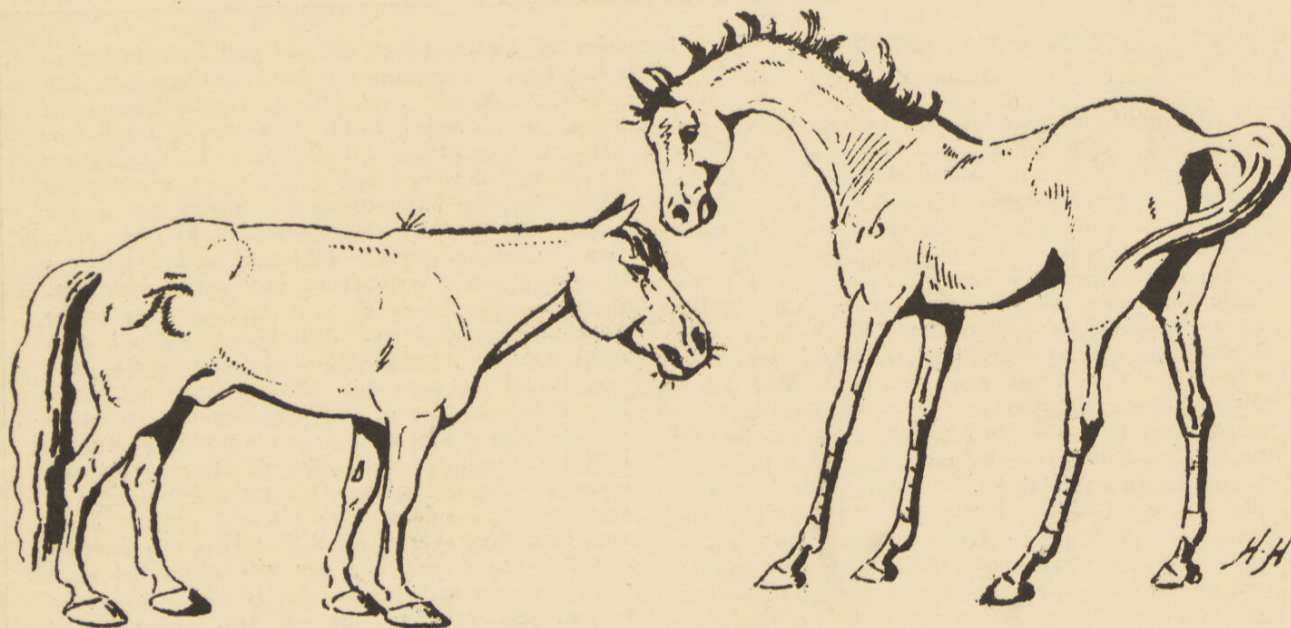
DEAREST LETTIE,—How *sweet* of you! Have you really been sitting up for me all this time? And nice hot cocoa, too? Oh! you *are* horrid; I believe you've finished all the cigarettes. I am *so* tired, but it was *delightful*. I do wish your wretched foot hadn't stopped your going. That absurd Captain Hayling is *too* silly. Some of the things he said! I don't know that I *quite* altogether approve of Masked Balls, at least not for everybody, and I don't know that I shall go another time. Oh! Lettie, it *was* fun. I do hope there'll be another soon. You know Mr. Wrayford, the man that everybody declared tried to run away with—? Yes? Well, I don't know who he thought I was, but he said some most dreadful things, before I could stop him. No, my dear, I couldn't possibly repeat them. I may tell you later on, perhaps, as I think people ought to know what sort of man he is. I suppose he fancied I didn't recognise him and he can't have known who I was, and being all in whispers it sounded so much worse. Oh! and one man took hold of my hand and wouldn't let it go, and I didn't know *what* to do. I didn't want him to find out who I was, and for a long time I couldn't get it away from him. And how he *squeezed* it! Lettie dear, you know how one often pretends for conversation's sake that one has met people and been to places and read books one has hardly even heard of? Well, Mr. Carver—I'm pretty certain it was he—asked me if I had read *Souvenirs du Quartier Latin*, and I foolishly pretended I had and said I liked it very much. I must say he seemed rather surprised, but when he began to discuss it, I got up and went and had some sandwiches, as I didn't want him to find out I knew nothing about it. Just before coming away I asked little Mrs. Nolan, who reads *everything*, what the book was like, and it seems it is an *awful* production. She was really afraid to let her husband read it. I can never look the man in the face again. And then it was *too* lovely. Mr. Sebright, the one in the Navy, you know, sat out three dances running with me. I do wish I knew if he means anything. You know he never says anything direct, but somehow says all the nicest things by insinuation. Sometimes I quite hate him, as I *must* pretend not to understand him and pass it all off with a laugh, but I think—I think—oh! I don't know what to think. It's so *unfair* of him. Lettie, what do you think? Georgie Marston went dressed as a man! I couldn't make out who it was dancing with me, but when we went to the sitting-out place, she bumped her head against something and she put her hand up to her hair in a way no *man* ever did. But do you think it's right? I should just *love* to do it. Oh! and that awful Mr. Brankley was quite tippy again. He came lurching over in my direction and I simply fled. Wasn't it horrid? I heard afterwards when they got him outside, he knocked the mafoe off the box and drove round and round out of one gate and in at the

other, till he tumbled off and was sent back to bed in a rickshaw. Then such a curious man came up and asked for a dance. I don't think I've ever seen him before, but I rather liked the shape of his hands. When we were sitting out, he asked me if I liked going for drives, and when I said I did, he then and there begged me to go off and have supper with him at the Hôtel de Chine. He said we needn't be away long. But *what* a suggestion! However, he had rather a nice voice and I couldn't be very angry with him. I suppose people *do* do that sort of thing or he wouldn't have asked me. Just before twelve I went and put on my other domino so that none of my partners should recognise me. What did you say, dear? No, I hadn't done or said anything foolish, but—well, perhaps I had entered just a teeny, weeny bit into the fun of the thing. Then we all unmasked and some of the frocks were too awful for words. I suppose a domino does spoil one's best things. I sat next Mrs. Gray at supper and she told me her husband had had two dances with her without in the least recognising her, and that he actually tried to make love to her. Oh! and I *must* tell you. After supper I danced a good deal with Jack, Mr. Sebright I mean, and I think from the way he saw me into the carriage that he will say something soon. But you *are* tired, Lettie, and I am a brute to go on chattering, when you are dying to go to sleep. Thanks so much, darling, for sitting up for me and for getting that lovely cocoa ready—I declare I've *almost* let it get cold. I say we *must* get some more cigarettes. Good-night.



Die "Excelsior" Mode!!





## CHINA PONY v. WALER.

FEI-LOONG.—Be very careful of those legs, Stalky! They might snap off at any moment, and then we should be deprived of the treat we are all looking forward to so much at the Spring races.

CORNSTALK.—Races! Why, you little, miserable, Mongolian Microbe, you don't know the meaning of the word.

## WHAT—NO SOAP?

HE stood at the door of his tent; only a boy, but not too young to speak a word for England. Bareheaded he stood, clad only in the "trailing garments of the night," his arms crossed on his breast. Round him were the men who had hunted him down—if indeed you call those men who creep and crouch and crawl by night when all fair and honest things are at rest, if you call those men who think it no shame to dishonour the sweet pure moonlight with deeds of blackest treachery. Fierce faces grinned and gibbered, deadly weapons clashed, shouts of anger filled the air. He stood alone and unmoved.

"Where are they?" one said, and behind the simple question lay a horrid world of menace and cruelty. "Where are they?" He made no answer; for in that instant there was born in his heart a resolution unchangeable as iron. "They shall not know," he murmured between his set teeth, "They shall never know, not if I die for it."

What was the treasure which that brave soldier would sacrifice his life to save? My friends, have you ever at the close of a long and weary journey, a long

and dusty journey beneath the scorching rays of the sun, have you ever known what it was to have a great longing? I am sure that you have known it. And what was it you longed for? For meat and drink, my friends, for juicy and sustaining meat and for moist and comforting drink, two of the most precious gifts of Providence.

Yes, this was the treasure in defence of which that young hero was prepared to sacrifice his life. He knew that his men could not live without food, that their throats must parch and shrivel without abundance of liquid. He knew where the precious stores were hidden, and rather than reveal the secret and expose the treasure to the ravenous clutches of the nightly prowlers, he was ready to die.

At last he spoke in strong nervous Saxon. For an instant they gazed, almost in terror, doubting that any living man could deny them. Then they read the truth in his face, and—

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon looked down upon the silent tent where a gallant spirit had gone to its rest. On the tent pole a solitary raven flapped its wings.



# A RUBAÍYÁT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Watch ! They that aided not a Monarch's plight  
Whom a cross Auntie's apron string held tight  
And brigands kidnapped, bid him now come back  
And his mischance shall be forgiven quite !

After the Yellow Peril Bogie died  
A Veteran his pen as Prophet tried :  
"Carve or convert the Dragon, else he may  
Gobble your children's children far and wide."

And at the warning, those who just before  
Sang but one tune, "Maintain the Open Door !"  
Cried, "Since we shan't be Swallowed yet a while,  
There's opportunity to Sphere the more !"

Now the Old Li controlling modern Wires,  
The Prudent Power an Amnesty requires  
Where the Red Hand of Tuan upon his nose  
Makes signs, and Black Yü Hsien each day Expires.

William McKinley wants his fighting rows  
For Tropic Isles, and Nicholas, one knows,  
Believes in Peace with Wings—tho' not with Fins—  
And as the Bear growls so the Rooster crows.

For France hangs on his lips ; but in divine  
High Dutch doth Wilhelm Meister still opine  
That "Blood, Red Blood !" alone can save his Face  
And make the Blooming Cheek of China pine.

Come, stuff your sack, and from Relieved Peking  
A winter garment of rich Sables bring ;  
The Bird of Prey can not have every day  
To batten, but he doesn't miss a Thing !

Whether Tientsin, Newchwang or Shanhaikuan,  
By Yankee, Briton, Frank or Cossack done,  
The news of Loot keeps leaking, bit by bit,  
The tael of Loot keep piling, one by one.

Each Mail a hundred Rumours brings, you say,  
Yes, but who Spun the Yarns of Yesterday ?  
And the next Petty War that Renter tells  
Shall call the Jackal Journalists away !

Well, we can spare them ! What they have to do  
Is to provide Home Papers with the true  
Method of mending China—but the work  
They're kind enough to leave to me and you.

For me upon the patch of Europe strown  
With ruins near the empty Dragon Throne,  
Where dreams of home and progress fade away  
And only tares of hopelessness are grown.

A Book of Treaties teaching ably how  
Not to translate, a patented sand-plough  
To cultivate the Paper-flowery Land—  
O this were White Man's Burden quite enow !



3RD BALUCHIS.





## THE TRIALS OF AN EMPRESS DOWAGER.

Scene:—On the Walls of Hsian. EMPRESS DOWAGER, KWANG HSÜ, and Suite.

EMP. DOW.—What tidings, Dragon-faced one?

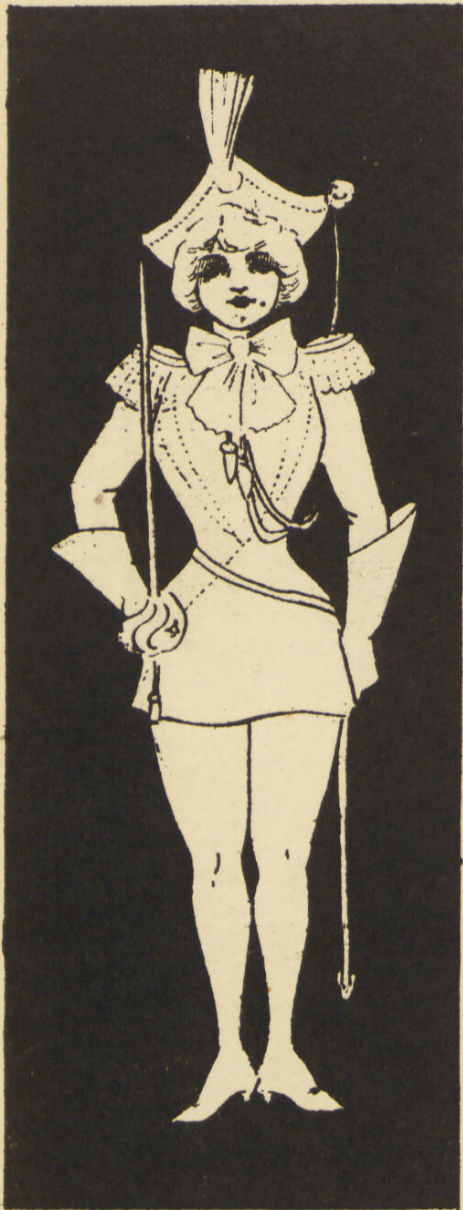
KWANG HSÜ.—Why, Bless my heart and body! if here isn't Fieldmarshalgeneral Count von Waldersee and all his beautiful German soldiers coming to pay us a visit.

EMP. DOW.—Good gracious! child. Come and put on your trousers and get ready to start at once. Gentlemen, we this day remove our court to Ping Pong Sea.



## FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON,  
1st April 1901.



Although everyone, more or less, condemns Tanquerresque plays, they still go to them in great numbers; I myself spent a gloomy evening last week at "Mr. & Mrs. Davenport."

The principal situation is brought about by the utter want of tactics in the man who, wishing to have a confidential chat with a lady, leads her into an ambush consisting of a screen and his wife. After all the lessons of the war, he failed

to throw out scouts. His retreat is cut off by a husband belonging to his lady friend. This play gains considerably by the absence of the stock parson, glum as Sam Hall's friend, who usually turns up when the lady is in trib. He will recall to her the days of their youthful attachment, promising to marry her, shop-soiled as she stands, if her husband has heart disease and dies before the last act. This the husband does, for he is not wholly bad. At the fall of the curtain you may see the stricken crowd creep away, glad only in

remembering that it is but a play after all, and that they don't do these things at home. The bass tuba of the scandalized mamma is heard being "thankful that dear Gwen had a cold." But, gracious dame, let me enlighten you: "Dear Gwen will go to a Matinée on her own. I assure you the pit absolutely crawls with her at those times, and why not? Poor fluffy little soul, she only goes, as you and I do, to disapprove. "Mrs. Dane's Defence" is the most fascinating piece of finished lying,—and who wouldn't, to get away from Charles Wyndham, Q.C., and his Sherlock Holmly methods? The beautiful and accomplished Ellaline Terriss is delighting millions nightly as Alice in Wonderland, but it would add to my delight if there was less of "Liberty" and more of legs and pinafore. For those contrapuntally inclined we have "Patience" revived. She is sweeter than ever, and I wish I knew her at home. The Panto. in the Lane has a very good class of boy in Miss Madge Lessing, and I look forward to writing ten columns for the "RATTLE" (Wastepaper Department) next month. Lovers of Transatlantic Extravaganza tell me "The Casino Girl" is a peach of the first water; she looks all-right in the photo. shops anyway. Hi! Hansom!! Empire!!! Just missed the Calculating Dogs,—no use for them. The ballet's the thing here and "The Sea Side" is pretty—nice bathing suits, with none of your black stockings—beautiful great strong Italian peasants, four to the lb., and the ubiquitous Frank Lawton in a coon's mug and the same old whistle. The Phantom Guards in white uniforms, with the stage all dressed in black—scrumptious! (sample herewith)—sixteen of her—no, thirty-two—I'm not sure—anyway they appear and disappear, wheel and evolve like one girl, and they have divided my heart into sixteen—or thirty-two. There are no singing turns in this show—Let's clear!—Where shall we go?—Where's Marie Lloyd?—That's the point. Off we go. There she is in the Viking Song. Bless her. On the priceless Chippendale escritoire in my study is her picture, set in brilliants—no signature on it—to have asked her to write her name would make her cross—sorry. What's next? "Nine English Rosebuds" and then the pathetic coster who prefers his own little missus to the gritest lidy in the land. Well, well!! There's a gentleman singing the chorus against the back of my neck; truly coster pathos has a fearful effect on the suburban audience. Oh, yes, we are out Hoxton way—you'll get home all right, only don't try the whiskey here—Bass much safer. I know the manager, that florid little bounder, all solitaire and painted boots. Here he comes. What does he want?—Stalls for his rotten Benefit!—Not much—wouldn't look at my Comedietta—see him——first. Down go the lights—I'm off—Look out for the lady's stout—you've knocked it into her lap—Extremely sorry—Yes, I know we don't know how to behave—Very clumsy of him—Waiter! a glass of port for the lady—So silly of them to make it so dark—Oh dear no—No offence I'm sure—Hope it hasn't ruined that lovely skirt—Good evening. Oh, lord! come away, far, far away, and have some oysters and champagne and a game of skittles—The "RATTLE" pays.



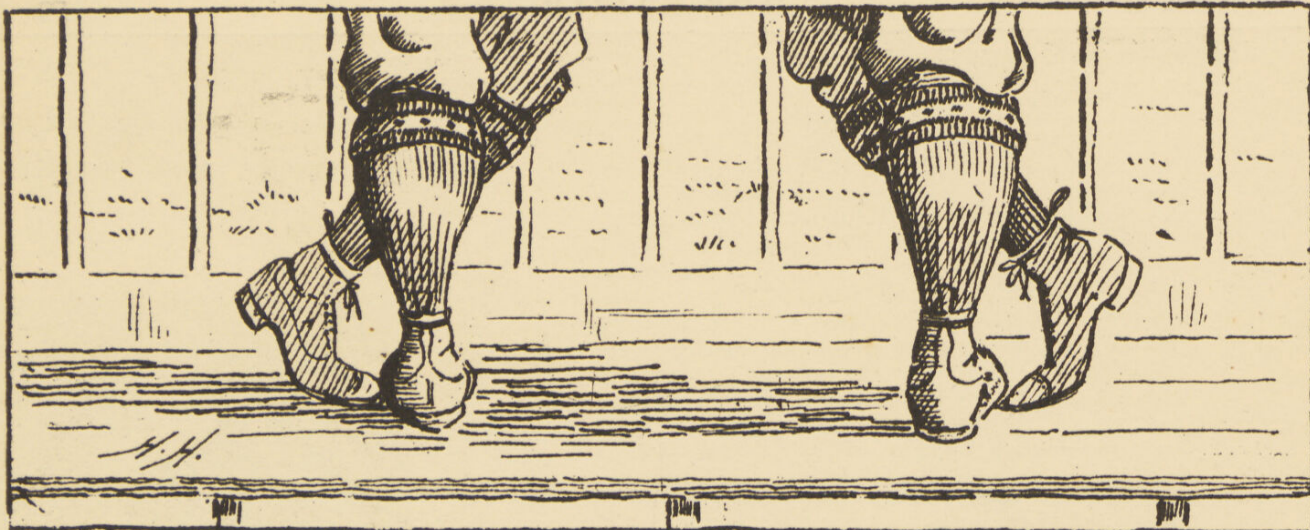


### THE SANDOW-MARSH TREATMENT.

FIRST OLD RESIDENT.—And can you honestly say that you have reduced your bulk since you began these exercises?

SECOND O. R.—Rather! Why, my dear boy, this is the first time I've worn this suit for eighteen years.





MR. \* \* \* \*

CLARENCE.—Doesn't it strike you, Willie, what frightfully thin legs these Walers have?

### THE SHANGHAI MR. DOOLEY ON GAS METERS.

“AN’ whats th’ machine ye have there in the corner?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“That’s a ga-ass-mater, Hinnissy,” said Mr. Dooley.

“Sure an’ whats that at all?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“A ga-ass-mater,” said Mr. Dooley, with the air of a Chief Justice dealing with a non-registration summons, “a ga-ass-mater is an insthroomint invinted be’ the Ga-ass Comp’ny, assisted be th’ divvle hussell, to missure th’ amount iv yer monthly ga-ass bills—an’ it does *that*, Hinnissy, it does it whither ye bur-rn yer twenty candle-power lights or shmoke in th’ dar-rk f’r chapeness. If th’ inspecthorr finds yer fr’m home afther the spring snoipes maybe, or gone to Hongkong to see the sodjers race fair, thin yer mater goes slow f’r a bit; but if ye lave on the quiet, unbeknownst to th’ Comp’ny, be Gob yer mater kapes on full bore an’ ye come back to find yer woife an’ childer’ in th’ workuss an’ yer bits iv sticks sould up t’ pay the ga-ass bill.

“T’is a wunnerful insthroomint intoirely, Hinnissy. Larst year th’ Comp’ny advertises a gr-reat raydooct-shin in th’ price iv ga-as, twice’t they done it, but the mater was up to th’ job an’ jist put in a little over-time iv a Sunday an’ there was yer bill at th’ months ind as big as ivver.

“T’is no manner iv use complainin’ to th’ sicr’ty. We’ve sim’lar complaints fr’m all oor constitoo’int, he says, ye must have been bur-rning a hill iv a lot of ga-as says he, an’ intertainin’ all yer frinds he says, is it a wake ye’ve been havin’ he says, the mater can do no wrong he says, an’ laves it at that.

“Thin he indooes ye to buy these here twenty hor-rse power incandissent bur-rners, they bur-rn no

ga-as at all at all he says, an’ they bate the ’lectric light holler says he, an’ so ye have yer house fitted with thim at gr-reat ixpince thinking to yer-silf ye’ll save it in the ga-ass bill. Murdther but the mater isn’t bate yit; th’ inspecthorr jists iles her up a bit an’ lets her go, an’ be Gob she does her moile in two-foor an’ yer bills are the same as ivver.

“Did ye ivver hear the story iv me frind the Kornnel an’ the wather-mater? Well, t’was somewheres in the Injies an’ the Kornnel had command iv a lot iv black divvles, an’ he found his wather-mater doing double time an’ his wather bills pouring in fit to bate Niargr’a Falls. This here’s got to be looked into he says, t’is aginst th’ ar-rticles iv war-r he says, I’ll have to spake to me brither Kornnel the Imp’ror Bill says he, an’ he shuts off the wather from th’ house an’ puts a six fut foor sintry wit’ a baggonit a yarrd long to sit on the mater. Round comes th’ inspecthorr full bat wiv a gr-reat bag iv tools. Divvle a wan touches that mater f’r twenty-foor hours says the Kornnel, an’ he gives or-rders to th’ sintry to jab th’ inspecthorr in th’ tum tum if he comes agin.

“Thin the sicr’ty iv the Comp’ny weighs in wiv an or-rder fr’m th’ Mare to lit him ixamin the mater an’ the sintry jobs him gintly in small iv the back wiv his baggonit; an’ all the toime the wheels iv that mater was jist whir-ring round like a win’mill in a typhoon.

“Afther foor an’ twenty hours the Kornnel invites the sicr’ty iv the Comp’ny, an’ the Mare, an’ the Vicer’y iv Injy, and the Commander-in-Chafe to open up the insthroomint, an’ be Gob, Hinnissy, they done so, an’ it had rigister-red jist sivin thousand foive hundrid an’ twenty sivin cubic fate iv wather.

“An’ the moral iv the tale is, Hinnissy, that me frind the Kornnel had to pay jist the same.

“Wather Comp’nys is much the same as Ga-ass Comp’nys an’ there’s a dale iv human natur’ in the both iv them.”



## LOTTERIES.

### AN EXPLANATION.

The Consul for Turkey one morn arose,  
He'd been to a drawing at Chang Su-ho's,  
He'd paid for his tickets, he'd stayed there late,  
But they didn't so much as approximate.  
He sipped his coffee and scratched his head,  
They're better not mentioned the things he said.

He tackled his colleagues throughout the day—  
Sent telephone messages round to say  
"Where in the world are our morals gone?  
"This Lottery pidjin must not go on."  
And vowing to veto, to squash, upset,  
The Consular Body in conclave met.

Picture in fancy that Consular drum,  
A highly rococo symposium—  
There can't have been room for the whole fourteen,  
But a militant quorum there must have been:  
The Spanish grandee and his Yankee pal,  
And aloft the standard of Portugal.

The Chair was taken at half-past three,  
And taken in earnest—no fiddle-de-dee—  
For the Consuls felt as they took their seats  
Persistent failure cock-fighting beats,  
And each one swore as he said his say  
That lotteries all should be swept away.

One had a story of going to dine,  
His rickshaw number was two-five-nine,  
Removing his coat on retiring to slumber  
He found in his pocket th' identical number.  
The list came out and—he vowed 'twas true—  
The winning ticket was nine-five-two.

The Chairman faltered, he suddenly thought,  
"This pious opinion is dearly bought;"  
He mused on his nationals, wondering how  
They'd balance the budget in lone Macao:  
But his final reflection was this, "Maskee,  
It's a long way off and they'll not blame me."

They plausibly pleaded with reasons sound  
Till the scruples of waverers fell to the ground.  
A timid unfortunate counselled delay,  
He mentioned that Rome wasn't built in a day;  
But at length this position they made him abandon  
By pulling his leg till he'd no leg to stand on.

'Twas done,—The whims of the malcontent  
Have queered the finance of the Settlement;  
And arguments worthy of Exeter Hall,  
Which shouldn't have had any hearing at all,  
With motives apparently sprung from the gutter,  
Have banished for ever all chance of a flutter.

The official halo around Kiang Nan  
Is chaff in the wind of the Consular ban:  
The foreign promoters who run Kwong Yik  
By current report are "a litty sick":  
And the gilded hall of the brave Poo Yuh  
Is the laughing-stock of the whole Maloo.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

We have recently received from the publishers for  
review copies of the following:—

*Personally Conducted Tours in the Far East: To  
Chunking and Back in 3 days* by Pushful Archy.

*How I became an Officer of the Court, or Hints to  
Young Advocates.*

*The Murderer's notice to quit, or The Life and  
Experiences of a Consular Pony.*

*The Unresponsive Cartridge or Fifty to one on the bird.*  
By Foolee.

*Half-Hours with the Native Laundrymen or What shall  
we do with our sewage.*

*The Lives of the Extortioners. No. 1: The Shanghitic  
Laouda.*

*Love at First Sight, a tale of The new Volunteer Hat.*  
By C. Owe.

*The Mighty Atom, or British Diplomacy in the Far East.*

*Lest We Forget, A Tour round the kitchen.*

*The Insect-hunter's Companion or The Entomologist at  
the Supreme Court.*

*Half-hours in the mud, or Camp life in the Far East.*



## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the EDITORS OF "THE RATTLE."*

DEAR SIRs,

I sent my boy round to Mr. Van Kopje the other day and he came back without an orange. Have I any remedy in the Court of Consuls?

Yours, etc.,

GRUMBLER.

## BRAWLS IN HONGKEW.

YANGTSZEPPOO,

5th May 1901.

*To the EDITOR OF "THE RATTLE."*

SIR,

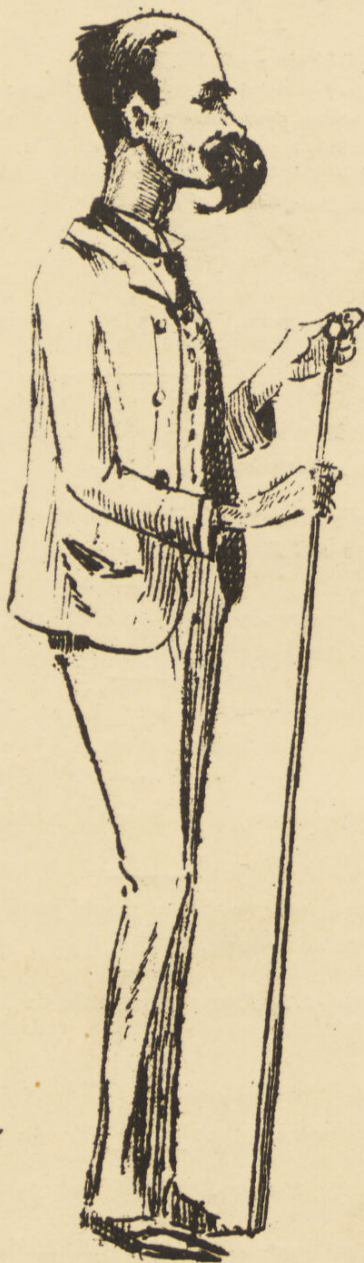
I was a witness yesterday to another of those disgraceful street rows with which we have recently become all too familiar. This time it was between a pack mule and an electric light post; and I venture to record through the medium of your widely read paper that in this case the post was entirely responsible for the collision and subsequent fracas. My wife, who was with me at the time, heard the mule cry "Fore" several times, and remarked to me how stupendously foolish it was of the post not to budge.

It is just obstinacy of this description which will if not speedily checked put an end to the good order which up to now has obtained in the Yangtsze provinces.

In the hope that the Provost Marshal will make this matter the subject of the fullest enquiry

I am etc

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



"JOCK."



## *A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.*



### *No. III.—The A-gent.*

*Be-hold a Slee-py Slav, whose rank  
Is A-gent of a Cer-tain Bank,  
For what he does not do, they pay  
One hun-dred rou-bles ev-er-y day,  
Be-cause, for mere com-mer-ci-al stuff  
Cheap Brit-ish clerks are quite e-nough.  
The A-gent's fin-ger you may seek  
In pies of the "Haut Pol-i-tique"  
(I do not say you'll find it there,*

*Or near, or far, or a-ny-where;  
But if con-ces-si-ons were your trade  
You'd see the fin-ger marks he made,  
And won-der how those nim-ble thumbs  
From all your pud-dings scoop'd the plums.)  
He looks so ve-ry bland and blank  
This A-gent of a Cer-tain Bank;  
From him to learn you sure-ly ought:  
"The tongue should al-ways hide the thought."*



"BECAUSE OF HIS IMPORTUNITY."

---

You must have heard of me before  
As one who very much prefers  
To speak of things which rather bore  
Than interest the Ratepayers.

You know, of course, what useful trait  
I chiefly pride myself upon—  
My tendency to put away  
The vulgar use of "pro" and "con."

I think it is a foolish thing  
That men of any sense at all  
Should be intent on balancing  
The merely hypothetical.

But glancing round the Council board  
I seem to see in ev'ry face  
Something which may perhaps afford  
An explanation of the case.

Nine fathers of our city-state!  
Sad, that among them there is not  
One soul that can appreciate  
The beauty of a garden-plot!

Poor flowers! and shall your fate depend  
Upon the dull commercial creed  
Which bids us have before we spend,  
And quite forgets the present need,

When twenty paltry thousand taels  
Will buy a hut of brick and glass—  
A shelter from the winter gales  
Which few (if any) can surpass?

Already in the crowded room  
I hear a murmur like applause:  
Am I entitled to assume  
That you are converts to the cause?

"Go home?" "Shut up?" For shame! For shame!  
Your ignorance of what is fit  
Almost compels me to declaim  
From now until the lamps are lit.

I was in fact about to read—  
Ah! That's a very different note!  
But are you really quite agreed?  
You are? I've finished. Take the vote!

[Voted: Tls. 20,000 Shanghai silver sycee with no corresponding addition to the income tax.]

We have received from The Ostasiatische Halsband-vertragverbindungshandelsgesellschaft (the Agents in China) a neat little pen-wiper in the form of a pepper-caster, bearing at the top the name in gold type of the Patent Anticorrosive Flea Powder Co., Ltd., and a representation of *Pulex irritans saltant* on a blanket *or*. While regretting that, diverging from the custom of the Shanghai Morning Papers, we are, owing to lack of space, unable to insert this note in a more prominent position in these columns, we wish here to congratulate the proprietors on turning out a tasty little form of advertisement, which we can with confidence refer for trial to our brethren of the "Press."

**N. B.**

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humourous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.





### WIRED FOR EVERYTHING!

SHE.—Don't worry, old man. Take a drink : you'll find it over there in the corner.

[It was E.J.C. Whiskey and Aquarius, and he took it and won by two hoops. Isn't it marvellous?]



# Hatch, Mansfield & Co., Ltd.

## DIRECTORS:

E. F. G. HATCH, Esq., M.P., *Chairman.*  
EARL OF DENBIGH. Hon. A. GROSVENOR.  
LORD LIONEL CECIL. Hon. J. MANSFIELD.  
Hon. F. R. STEWART. C. J. FORBES, Esq.  
Hon. SIDNEY GREVILLE, C.B.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF VINTAGES.

The question of vintages and authenticity is one of the utmost importance, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste. In the case of bad or doubtful vintages, either the grapes never ripened thoroughly, or, owing to mildew, the wines are unsound, and so injurious to health. It is only in good vintage years, when the grapes have obtained perfection and there has been no disease in the vines, that the wine is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is only wines of good vintage that invariably improve by keeping.

The omission to specify any vintage should convey to the purchaser as serious a warning as the specification of a vintage notoriously bad.

Quality depends not so much on the name, however high in repute, as upon the Vintage.

The Public are strenuously warned against Wines of well-known names, but of indifferent years.

## CHAMPAGNE, 1893 VINTAGE.

As the result of a special visit to the Champagne Country in 1896, and of the most careful tasting since that time, we are able to express a very positive opinion that the Vintage of 1893 produced the best Champagne that has been offered, certainly since 1880, probably since 1874. The conditions under which the grapes of this great year ripened and were gathered have never been equalled since the famous year 1865.

## A FEW CLUBS & MESSES SUPPLIED.

### CLUBS.

The Carlton Club, The Naval and Military Club,  
The Junior Carlton Club, The Bath Club,  
The Travellers' Club, The East India United Service Club,  
and others.

The Wines and Spirits are in every instance identically the same as supplied by us to London Clubs and leading customers in England, and are merely a small selection from our stocks.

## A LIST (Published by Permission) of a few amongst those from whom HATCH & CO. have had the honour of receiving Orders.

Her Majesty the Queen.  
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.  
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.  
H.R.H. The Duke of York, K.G.  
H.S.H. The Duke of Teck.  
H.H. Aga Khan (Bombay).  
His Excellency Count Deym.  
Duke of Norfolk, K.G.  
Marquess of Camden.  
Marquess of Breadalbane, K.G.  
Marquess of Abergavenny, K.G.  
Marquess of Ely.  
Earl of Galloway, K.T.  
Earl of Dysart.  
Earl of Drogheda.

Earl of Aberdeen.  
Earl of Albemarle.  
Earl of Rosebery, K.G.  
Earl of Dartmouth.  
Earl De la Warr.  
Earl Spencer, K.G.  
Earl of Radnor.  
Earl of Desart.  
Earl of Romney.  
Earl of Powis.  
Earl of Orford.  
Earl Grey.  
Earl of Gosford, K.P.  
Earl of Minto.  
Viscount Llandaff.  
Viscount Knutsford.

Viscount Marsham.  
Viscount Curzon, M.P.  
Viscount Cranbourne, M.P.  
Lord Medway.  
Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K.C.B.  
Lord Henry Nevill.  
Lord Robert Cecil.  
Lord Teynham.  
Lord Rayleigh.  
Lord de Saumarez.  
Lord Napier and Ettrick.  
Lord Elibank.  
Lord Muncaster.  
Lord Kenyon.  
Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Lord Sandhurst.  
Lord Cottesloe.  
Lord Tweedmouth.  
Lord Reay, G.C.S.I.  
Lord Wantage, V.C.  
Lord Hamilton of Dalzell.  
Lord Hillingdon.  
Lord Tennyson (Governor of South Australia).  
Lord Brassey (Governor of Victoria).  
Lord de Ramsey.  
Lord Mount Stephen.  
Lord Newton.  
Lord Amherst of Hackney.  
Lord Rendel.

## AGENTS IN CHINA:

# ILBERT & CO.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, JULY 1901

[No. 5

## EDITORIAL.

IT'S raining. What? It's raining! What did you say? I said "It's raining." No! All right, you say it isn't and I say it is. But do you mean to say it's really raining? I shan't repeat it. But it's absurd, you know; it can't be raining again. Have it your own way. But, my dear chap, it's impossible. Very likely. Raining again after all these weeks—but it's monstrous—It can't be. It's the most ludicrous thing I ever heard—I won't believe it; by Jove, but it is raining!

And so it was, and so it is, and yet the RATTLE is coming out all the same. How it has been brought out nobody exactly knows. Of course the printer had something to do with it. But who furnished the printer with copy, that remains a mystery. Certainly the Editors had no hand in the matter and decline responsibility. They have been so deeply depressed by the atrocious treatment of Chinese by foreigners, by the news that the Germans were going to close the Whangpoo in the interests of the trade of Tsintau, by the prolonged absence at Peking of the Chairman of the Council and by the departure of Mr. Cornelius Thorne that they have felt unequal to the task of writing anything at all except a statement and demonstration of their inability to write. In fact they are not sure that they would have dared to publish but for the fact that the Chairman of the Council has returned. It has also been brought to their knowledge that the German Consuls at Hongkong, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Suez and Port Said have been given the temporary rank of Baron, to enable them to receive and entertain the penitent on his progress to Germany. This rank is to be neither negotiable nor hereditary and will cease at each place half-an-hour after the mail closes. This is a very good idea and will tend to make it plain that German commerce is paramount throughout the East. At least they will have a pull over Sir Blake and the others who pretend to maintain the effete tradition of British ownership of German coaling-stations. The publication of this recent intelligence is in itself some excuse for coming before the Community.

## EN PASSANT.

Whether is it better to live in a world en passant or to suffer the thwart and carp and bully of permanent officialdom? We cannot tell, nor, save for the pleasure of musing on things as they are or might be, would it be much use if we could. Little does this Happy Land know of the latter state, for only see how they run—princes of the blood and merchant princes, consul generals and major generals, attachés and travellers, commercial and otherwise, midshipmen, monied men and postmen, all rush in, half learn their duties, and scuttle out, here for a season then elsewhere, till the Hong List is out of date before the proof-readers have finished with it.

Suddenly comes the announcement under letters patent, though for reasons less patent, Mr. Z. has been appointed *for a term of five years* to hold the office of High Bailie of the Burgh.

Heed we the signs of the times. Let us speculate on the inner meaning of this strange and portentous step. Is there between the lines "Hope not for the reversion of the governorship of Hongkong" or "The pleasures of patronage pall, of the filling of billets is there no end, let this suffice for half a decade?" Or is there a latent determination to sow the seeds of something consistent and less like a merry-go-round than has been known since Balfour discovered Shanghai.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young men, beware, and mark with care  
What sad experience teaches  
Of riding free-wheel bicycles  
In leggings and in breeches.

Free wheel?—Free woe! You never know  
What good or ill is fated,  
And unsuspected dangers lurk  
In being "nickel-plated."



Nothing daunted by the frigid off-the-grass silence maintained by the Nine, despite the stiff and proud attitude of the Fourteen, we at once despatched an envoy to bid Prince Chun, from the RATTLE, a hearty welcome to our muddy shores. "Tis poor cheer," he observed, on reaching the presence, (there was a hitch about getting in, but the Traffic Inspector made it alright with the sentries) "that the premier treaty port is putting up for the brother of the Lord of its Soil, poor indeed! One meagre tiffin, and that in Hongkew, a good enough meal perhaps and foreshadowing the sausages of Potsdam, but hardly worthy of your Highness."

Prince Chun was understood to observe that hitherto his rice-bowl had differed little from that of the great mass of his countrymen, and that Aunt Tsü disapproved even of the introduction of marmalade at tea.

He of the RATTLE expressed the hope that at the succeeding stopping-places His Highness would have a better time. Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, he felt sure, would all do their best to shew that foreigners' hospitality is no mere figure of speech. A hunted look passed over the features of the Manchu at the mention of these ports of call. He desired to know which of them were Prussian and which Bavarian. The expletives garnishing the reply puzzled the interpreter, and some of the furniture was saved. Our man's copy arrived in the chit-book of the Carter Road Station, where we believe he still is.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not know votre nom, my old,  
I spik not good votre tongue,  
But if you're not one soldier bold  
I think I shall be hung.

You are one man, I am one man,  
And you and I are two,  
The provost marshal's guard we ran  
Together—moi et vous.

But now my glorious task is done  
And I must part away,  
I seem to be Napoleon  
And this the "Grande armée."

\* \* \* \* \*

Spiffins is furious. He declares that nothing can excuse the flagrant discourtesy of the Woosung Railway Manager in entirely ignoring the RATTLE staff when arranging his journalistic beanfeast down the line. "Do you remember," said he, "the jolly rumpus there was when a few scratch reporters got left over their Race tiffin? And are we, the aristocracy of the Press, to be calmly left out while a gang of newspaper men glut their professional maws, and spread their typeridden carcasses over Foolee's newest upholstery?" "No," he thundered, brandishing a ruler and half

swallowing the stump of a Reina Victoria, "it's too thick." What he referred to didn't seem quite clear, and when a mild interrogation was put to him on the subject, it only appeared to render him more dangerous. "Did he think we'd poke fun at his shoddy linerusta or jeer at the rattle of his jerry built trucks? Am I to understand that the insult was deliberate or———" We shut the door stealthily and sent a message to say that her husband would probably be a little late.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was kind to the lot, there were just seventeen,  
To the tall and the short, to the stout and the lean,  
So that none were astonished when later in life,  
Being fifty years older, he married a wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* [May 27, 1901] tells us that as M. and Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau were returning in a motor car from a river and sea excursion a man threw a tomato at the Prime Minister and missed him. When he was arrested nationalist pamphlets were found on him but no weapons. He told the police officers that he had no intention of killing the minister and that he had not been prompted by anyone. He denied being a Royalist and added that had his father been living he would not have committed the act. While admitting premeditation, he evidently did not wish to expose himself to a charge of assault with intent to murder. Such things happen in the twentieth century, and we must expect to find a parallel to this ghastly incident even in our own peaceful community. For example:—

"As the Chairman of the Garbage Committee of the Municipal Council was returning yesterday in his private carriage drawn by a hired horse (of recent importation) from a drive in the neighbourhood of the Bubbling Well, a man picked up a Shantung cabbage from a stall in the Maloo, no doubt with the intention of throwing it at our worthy fellow-resident. We trust that had the missile been discharged it would have missed its mark. The ruffian was immediately arrested. He admitted to the police that both his parents were dead, and that he had no desire to be charged with bigamy. He denied that he was Prince Tuan or that anyone had instigated his vile action. A ticket of the Kiangnan lottery was found on his person, also a copy of the *Hupao*. He declares with brazen cynicism that he had bought the cabbage for his dinner and was unaware of the presence of the Chairman when he picked it up. The police are very reticent, but we understand that they are investigating the matter, which though not in itself of any gravity must be regarded as a disquieting symptom."

Is it, we ask, quite wise to hold high Municipal office in view of such possibilities?





"We are entitled to have walers or donkeys or emus or anything else."

[Extract from speech of Mr. J. S. Fearon at the Race Club meeting, 23rd May 1901.]

Bravo Jim! Spoken like a man and a sportsman! The Editors of the "RATTLE" are prepared to back their old office moke against any emu you can put up—weight for inches—winners at any previous meeting 7 lbs. extra.



## TO ORDER.

Sweet month so cool, so calm, so bright—  
 You were not bright (or calm) I know,  
 But since my duty is to write  
 I make you so.

Sweet voice, whose tone angry and brave  
 Scares rich and poor and high and low,  
 You are not sweet, but though you rave  
 I make you so.

Sweet spot, where sheltered from the press pass  
 Sweet gentlewomen to and fro—  
 Sweet, for although abetting trespass  
 I make them so.

Only a nut that's hard and tough  
 Like seasoned timber gives not in,  
 And must, when others cry "Enough!"  
 Again begin.



THE PROVOST MARSHAL.

## MEMORIES.

It was a memory competition—a new game about as cheerful as the Spelling Bee in which a previous generation delighted. It is played like this: everyone mentions the most interesting thing that he can remember and the prize goes by favour. The first man said "I remember the early forties"; the second said "I remember the month of July last year"; the third said "I remember my native land though some of ye seem to forget it"; the fourth said "I remember a very curious thing, 700 men busy about matters that they did not understand when they might as well have been otherwise engaged; I did not see this myself."

The fifth said "I remember several things that I have to say and I can't always remember how to say them, but you will of course excuse me." The sixth said "Whatever I may forget I always remember who I am." The seventh said "I forget for the moment my official position, but I remember the interests of my country." The eighth said "I speak so late that I need not trouble to remember anything"; and the ninth said "I am so full of reminiscences that I should be afraid of wearying you if I give them all." He gave them about ten, and though he started last he won the prize for heavy weights.



## THREE TRIOLETS.

## I

Guy was married yesterday,  
Once he might have married me !  
For his happiness I pray,  
Guy was married yesterday !  
Sad the singer, sad the lay,  
Must they ever henceforth be.  
Guy was married yesterday,  
Once he might have married me !

## II

Will he remember, I wonder,  
The vows that he long ago made ?  
Before we drifted asunder,  
Will he remember, I wonder ?  
Love blind, oft maketh a blunder,  
And *my* love was never repaid.  
Will he remember, I wonder,  
The vows that he long ago made ?

## III

I cannot sing a blither lay,  
Upon my soul I know not why !  
Is it because the skies are grey  
I cannot sing a blither lay ?  
My muse, I'll bid thee wing thy way,  
If all thou bringst is but a sigh,  
I cannot sing a blither lay,  
Upon my soul I know not why !

G. H. V. L.

A FEW HINTS ON THE GAME  
OF POLO.

By D. KNOWALL, Esq.

*Hint I.*—Shanghai is *par excellence* the home of polo. Some people say that polo is played in England, India and elsewhere. Even if this statement be true, there is no doubt that the game, as played

elsewhere, must be a very inferior article to the Shanghai game.

*Hint II.*—To play polo it is necessary to get a pony of sorts, under 17 hands if possible. It is not necessary that the pony should have four sound legs, or any sound legs for that matter ; but, in the case of the Chinese specimen, it is a *sine qua non* that the animal should have a mouth-like a railway engine. In the case of other varieties of the pony, it is equally necessary that the quadruped should have some pronounced form of virtue, such as kicking, bucking, biting, rearing, or anything equally desirable. A really good polo pony should combine all these good qualities.

*Hint III.*—Having borrowed or stolen a polo pony ! as near perfection as possible, and never having had a polo stick in your hand before, put your name down for the next chukka and proceed to raise the tone of it at once.

*Hint IV.*—After successfully mounting your gallant steed, get to the ball at once. It doesn't matter if there is anyone in the way, either of your own or the opposite side. Ride over them or through them. Anyway, get to the ball.

*Hint V.*—Having got to the ball, pull up and stop there. There may be some rude men galloping down on the ball who wish you to get out of the way. Take no notice of them. Very probably they do not like collisions and so will get out of your way. Anyway, it is exceedingly inconsiderate of them to think that you should be the one to get out of the way.

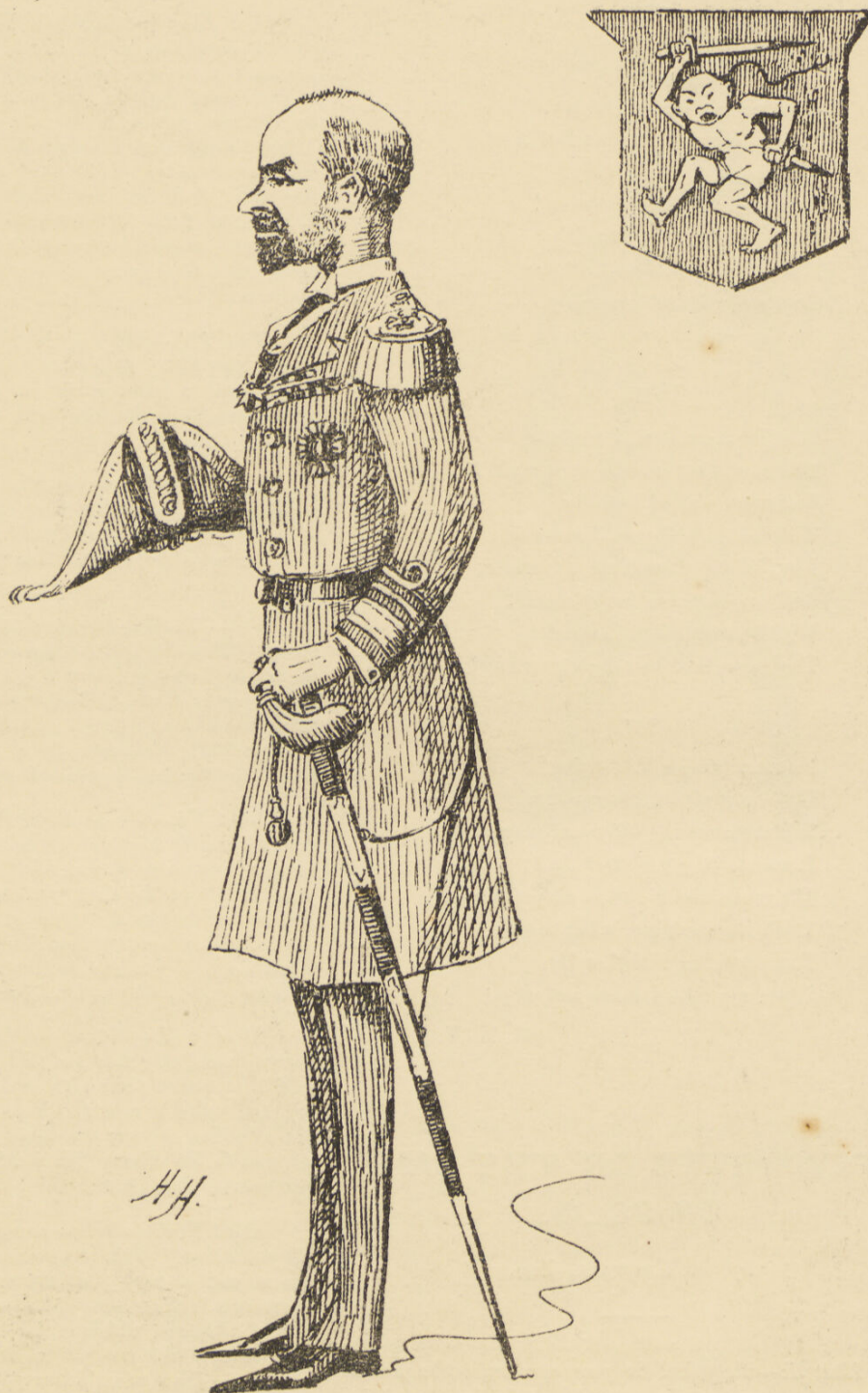
*Hint VI.*—Being on the ball hit it, or try to. It doesn't matter in which direction you hit it, nor does it matter very much if you don't hit it at all, so long as you stay there, for then you can try again. If you can hit the ball in the direction of your own goal—Good. Do so. Only the very best players can do this. Besides, it adds a little variety and excitement to what might be otherwise a dull and uninteresting game.

*Hint VII.*—Never hit backhanders. If you do you will probably lose the ball, perhaps to some nasty selfish player of your own side. It is much better to try and take it round. You may possibly hit it in the direction of your own goal or from one side of the ground to the other. No matter. You will still keep possession of the ball.

*Hint VIII.*—When you get near the boards ride all you know. This is an excellent principle, for there are no end of very pleasant surprises which can arise therefrom. You may send some one else spinning over the boards, which is the best of fun, or you may ride over a few spectators or a garden seat or the pavilion. You never know your luck.

*Hint IX.*—Having put into practice the above hints, order your coffin and stand drinks all round.





EDWARD THE GREAT.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH MAJOR BOOTLACE OF THE S.V.C.

"Pray take a seat," said the gallant Major as I was ushered into his pretty drawing room. I found myself in the presence of a short smart little man with reddish hair, a full moustache and keen bright eye which sparkled with pleasure at the prospect of an interview.

"So you want my opinion of the S.V.C.?" he began, tapping his riding boot with a military cane, "but, mind you, I don't mince matters. If my views on a certain subject are sought, I don't hesitate, I give them.

"Very well; I can then tell you straight away that as a fighting body I would class commissioned and non-commissioned officers, rank and file with my house coolie, though I do not doubt they would be useful as sentries in front of the Shanghai Club. As to how to improve them? Well, in the first place I don't want recruits. I would rather have two veteran volunteers to defend the Settlement than 5,000 recruits. Yes, I admit it is rather a startling statement, but there is nothing like straight speaking and originality; it causes a sensation and becomes more noticed. It doesn't so much matter if the remark is incorrect or if you don't really believe in it yourself. The great thing is to say something fresh and original which everyone may talk about and thoroughly digest, however bitter a pill it may be—it pays in the long run and is an easy means to notoriety—that sure road to success in my profession.

"No, I find no fault with my men because they cannot handle a rifle or obey the order 'Keep still,' but what can you expect of soldiers who don't use polish on their pouches?

"Secondly, I want the Municipal Council to insist on 'taipans' making the service of their employes in the Volunteers compulsory. No, you are quite wrong when you say the *voluntary* aspect of the concern is thereby eliminated. That is quite a delusion. The voluntary idea is the wishing to be of use to the C. O. of that district or community which you are defending.

"As to the means to be employed to carry out that wish—that is a matter for the C. O. I have been trying to drum this into the heads of the Municipal Council for the past five years but with no success at present.

"Not a bit—a pleasure, I assure you. I am an early riser, generally feed the cats at 6 a.m. and take

a constitutional to the orderly room at 6.35—the only exercise I get during the day. Breakfast is a large meal with me and I invariably take goat's milk with my porridge. After a cheroot I interview the Sergeant-Major, sign orders for buttons and shoulder-straps, and try on new uniforms. My tailor is in constant attendance for that purpose and has his meals in the kitchen. A Councillor or two always call at 10 to receive the orders for the day, and the Adjutant brings round the Company Orders in draft for my approval and correction. At 12 I have a cup of arrowroot and a biscuit as stimulants to my digestion, which has been considerably impaired ever since the Wheelbarrow Riots and requires constant attention.

"The Captain Superintendent of Police calls at 12.40 on the off chance of my being not too busy to see him. I swallow my tiffin at 1 if I have time for it and drive to the Gaol to make my diurnal inspection. At 3.10 I return and have 25 minutes chat with my wife. From then to 5.30 I reserve for private study of the Red Book, the new edition of Hamley and other military works. I am occupied also in writing an exhaustive treatise on the Defence of Shanghai last summer.

"The Municipal Council have kindly consented to defray out of the Municipal funds the expenses of an oleograph portrait of myself in S.V.C. uniform as a frontispiece. If there are no parades, drills or official calls, I manage to get ahead of a little correspondence with Mr. Brodrick, or despatches to the Foreign Office, containing my opinions on the situation in China. I always write my letters in my kimono, with a wet towel round my head, while my boy stands behind with a bottle of sarsaparilla and meat lozenges. My dinner is disposed of in my uniform, and I interview section commanders and others who may want my advice while I am eating.

"Three Sikhs call at 8.30 to polish the brasswork on my tunics. I make it a strict rule that this duty is carried out in my presence. I am generally too tired to remain up longer than 9.30 and sleep with my sword under my pillow."

"But I suppose, Major B., that since the Indian regiments have been in Shanghai your arduous duties have become somewhat relaxed?"

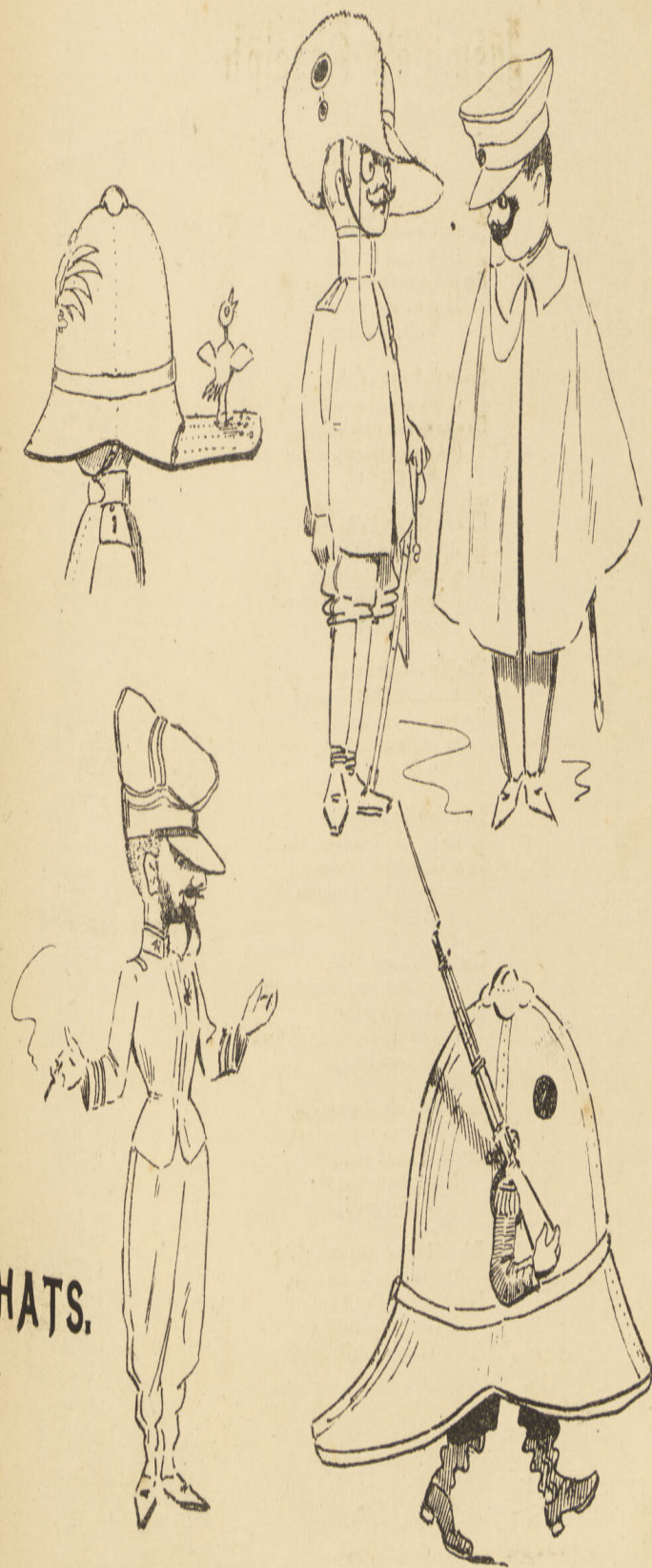
"Don't labour under that mistake for a moment. It's quite a delusion. The Commanding Officers have no idea of their duties at all and invariably seek my advice in every step they take. In case of trouble in Shanghai they have hinted to me that the whole brigade will be put under my command. It will be a graceful act of theirs which will have my undivided appreciation, and will show a very tactful recognition on the part of the General of my recent services."





# THEIR HATS.

By H. H.





## Jasmine's Receipt.

The mountain summits clear and blue  
As porcelain of Kintechun  
Peep through the feathery bamboo ;  
Adown the slopes, born of the dew,  
Bright streamlets run.

Jasmine the flower fills all the air,  
Jasmine the girl holds all my heart,  
She wears her namesake in her hair—  
(But lass with blossom to compare  
Were want of art).

She walks with tiny, falt'ring feet  
That mock the gait of infancy,  
Yet nothing needs she to complete  
Her grace, and all her steps are sweet  
That lead to me.

When in yon gay kiosk we sup  
At eve, she laughing bids me tell  
How many fingers she holds up—  
Ah, many is the forfeit-cup  
Of dainty shell !

And as the mellow liquor steams  
Her plaintive voice and lute are heard,  
The air a bird's impromptu seems  
And conjures evanescent dreams  
Of joy deferr'd.

Then oft I bid the damsel hush,  
And quickly to mine ink-stone turning  
I strive to form with pencil-brush  
Some lines that may translate the thrush  
For human learning.

O song that breathes of summer skies,  
With impulse of perfection fluent,  
Stay, till thy secret I apprise,  
Nor ever from the weary wise  
Remain a truant !

Vain task ! But Jasmine says : " I sing  
Thus, for I love thee with no lore,  
Do thou, my learned poet, bring  
Less of the unessential thing,  
Of passion more ! "





After we're married I shall chuck boxing, of course.  
Never! A husband with a closed eye will have its uses.



## LOOT FROM A MAIDEN'S BOWER.

DARLINGEST DAISY,

Such an age since I heard from you. Of course you saw all about the wedding in the "Queen." That part beginning—"the bride looked perfectly lovely"—was quite jolly, was it not? Bob and I are so happy—at least he is—but, looking back, I have much to regret, and, of course, one misses the dear old homestead, but it is silly to raise old memories, and old unpaid bills and things. Bob is so anxious to get back to Shanghai, but I have such heaps of good-bye visits to make that we spent our honeymoon in that way. Bob didn't like it a bit. Aunt Tooting would ask him about the East, and if there were any good churches, and whether decent clothes were not very expensive, etc. etc. Bob told her there is a Cathedral, and that decency of dress is not aimed at so much as picturesque effect in Shanghai. Of course he meant it for a joke, but with Aunt T. first impressions are more than everything, so now she will always picture me pirouetting in those divided muslin things.

Oh! Daisy, I don't know how I have deserved such unhappiness. Bob is most kind, but we don't drink the same things and he won't argue any point except his food. The other night that bolster of a Connie offered to play his accompaniment—you know he fiddles—and I said I was quite capable and he always preferred my playing. Would you believe it, he said I looked tired and let it play for him. Of course she has got some beastly diploma, and I told him, afterwards, that no amount of accuracy of touch makes up for want of soul. He said he had read the passage in a Mudie's Book that morning. Daisy, are all husbands brute beasts? Of course we are immensely fond of ourselves, don't think I am not quite, *quite* happy. I am looking forward to coming out. Is everyone wondering what I am like? That last photo of my left ear and elbow was a horrid libel. I have had some beautiful things said about me, but of course I don't believe a word. Daisy darling, we must be *great* friends. I hear you are a little queen in Shanghai. We will both be queens I think. We shall not clash, our styles are so different; I *won't* play hockey. Yes, I shall. I will be captain and loaf about offside, and then I shan't come uncurled. Have you got Ping-Pong yet. It's table tennis, and you needn't run in any sense of the word. I have a lot of lovely teagies and a teeny tweet bathing frock, which the married men ought to put up champagne to see. Such a pity the other poor boys can't too. Now, Daisy, mind you don't tell everyone the date we arrive, (July 30th) and don't let them come and welcome me on the boat with flowers and things. I hate a fuss being made about me. And if you let the Editor of that horrid little "RATTLE" have this for "copy" I shall *never* let you have a rag to make a pattern of. I am counting the meals till I see you, Darling.

Ever your best pal,

DORA DADDYLONG.



MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.



## VILLANELLE.



There isn't time to stop and think,  
A hurried scrawl to catch the mail  
And then I'm ready for a drink.

For nights I've hardly slept a wink;  
She knows I'll write, I never fail,  
There isn't time to stop and think.

It's not a dearth of pens and ink,  
Or hankering for cakes and ale,  
By Jove! I'm ready for a drink.

A decade in the Model Sink  
Befits one for the County Gaol  
To give one time to stop and think.

Her cheek is blue, her eyes are pink,  
Complexion tall and stature pale,—  
'Tis clear I'm ready for a drink.

What is a letter but a link,  
A boast, a lie, a vaunt, a wail?  
There isn't time to stop and think,  
I'm ready for another drink.

## LAW REPORT.

[By our own conscientious reporter.]

## THE MIXED COURT.

Shanghai, 22nd May.

(Before Mr. YANG, Magistrate, and Dr. SLASHEM,  
Brazilian Assessor.)

AH PING FAT, a coolie having no fixed occupation or abode, was charged by the S. S. P. C. A. with having skinned a cat alive. Mr. Fogg appeared for

the prosecution and Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law Buzfuz, O.C., defended.

Evidence of the offence having been given, Mr. Buzfuz stated that he had been in practice in Kamskatka and Shanghai altogether for over 19 years and he had never in all his experience known a case that had been more shamelessly brought against an innocent man. [By this remark the Magistrate seemed much impressed.] His client was a native ever actuated by the highest principles of honor; that he, Counsel, had nine witnesses (male and female) outside who would testify to his client's respectability, antecedents, and universal kindness to animals, and that they believed him incapable of the charge brought against him; that he, Counsel, could not understand how a respectable firm of lawyers like Messrs. Dodson & Fogg had dreamt of taking up the case, especially as the prisoner had done *them* personally no harm. [Mr. Fogg here instantly rose and objected, and a violent altercation between opposing Counsel and the bench and police lasted some time, everyone talking at once. At last, order being partially restored, Mr. B. continued.] His client had recently lost his grandmother, which may have weighed on his mind and made him irresponsible for his actions; that the Police had a personal grudge against him, and, as his appearance and noble bearing amply showed, he was as clean and honest a man as Counsel or his Honor the magistrate [which remark being interpreted, bows and compliments were exchanged between Counsel and the bench]; that he defied any man in Court, in Shanghai, or, yes, the whole of China to allege that he, Counsel, had received, or was about to receive, a single cash for defending the case; that he was there simply to see that justice was done.

The Assessor softly interposing:—"Pardon me for interrupting Mr. Buzfuz, but have you any contradictory evidence to adduce?"

[Much interruption here from the wailing of the mother and three aunts of the prisoner, who were forcibly removed.]

Mr. B.:—"I don't want any evidence. My case, I reckon, stands on its own bottom so securely that I scorn evidence." [Much tittering among the foreign constables.] "What is a cat? I say, deny it before the Court that cats like to be stroked, and the harder you stroke them the better they like it. I say again, what is the difference between stroking a cat hard and skinning it? Why, absolutely none. I'll guarantee to skin any man in Court, and he won't feel anything more than a pin-prick. Besides, what did the cat do after it was skinned? Why the prosecution has admitted that it walked away, which shewed it was grateful: probably in anticipation of the hot weather. Again, I ask, where is the skin? [A pause] I repeat, where is the skin? Why hasn't it been produced? I am an officer of the Court and I want justice." The Magistrate was understood to remark that he wanted his tiffin, but Counsel said he personally wouldn't touch a crust of bread till he had cleared his client from a foul and cruel charge. He asked for an adjournment. Case adjourned.

[*Vox et præterea nihil.*—Eds.]



## TALE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THERE was trouble in the wind. In the first place, reports of a great battle being imminent between the French and the Chinese at Hwai-luh were officially contradicted by the French Minister. In the second place, I had met a missionary in Legation Street who had it from a canteen keeper that a French expedition had left Paotingfu under sealed orders. Moreover, the doughty and aristocratic von Spindel-Biedelstein had disappeared mysteriously from his accustomed place at the bar of the International Club, and battle or no battle it was not fitting that the correspondent of a great London daily should be outstripped by a German rival. But how to overtake him? There was the railway to be sure; but no self-respecting correspondent travels by rail, besides I was in a hurry.

A brilliant idea occurred to me just at the right moment. First, buying a horse and saddle—we have long dispensed with such things in this campaign—I looked in upon my old friend Li Hung-chang and obtained his written authority to commandeer horses and mules anywhere outside his own jurisdiction; I then appealed to the I.G. for a guide, but found him too much engrossed in his forty-ninth article for the *Strand Magazine* on the advantages of Chinese civilization over its Western counterpart to afford me assistance; so after despatching one last telegram—lest I should never return alive—upon the ineptitude of our Generals and the pusillanimity of the British Minister, and donning the uniform of an English officer, with a book of Chinese phrases at my belt, I rode forth into the dust-storm of a Chili evening.

Paotingfu is distant from Peking a hundred miles or three hundred kilometres or a thousand and forty-two *li* according to your nationality or powers of imagination or the gait of your horse. Anyhow, if you are inclined to ride it at a stretch on a series of commandeered ponies, take my advice and go by train.

I reached Paotingfu as if in a dream—one solid mass of abrasions. From that time onward I chose as a means of conveyance the comfortless but less contusive cart.

Learning here that the French General refused further passage to correspondents and also that Spindel-Biedelstein had been dining at head-quarters, I at once smelt knavery, and remarking in my best Parisian “À-bas le Général, et conspuez Spindel-Knejelstein,” I determined now more than ever to reach Hwai-luh before the latter. From village to village I sped at lightning speed, or at such speed as can be extracted out of a Chinese cart on a loess road. Careless of Zouaves or Chasseurs who might essay to stop me, I brushed aside the roving bands of Chinese guerillas that infest the country. Knocking at Yamèn doors, I flourished Li Hung-chang's signature in the faces of sleepy mandarins. If they did not instantly produce

horses and carts, I gave them a friendly twist of the pig-tail and opened upon them a withering fire of Chinese epithets culled from my phrase book. [N.B.—This is an excellent plan in dealing with mandarins, always provided you are in a district under the control of foreign troops.]

Ting-jo, Sinlo and Chengtingfu flashed by me like stations on the Underground, and in spite of French Generals and German correspondents I was in Hwai-luh on the morning of the second day.

Here I halted a few hours to converse with the Chinese official, by whom I sent a long message to the Governor of Shansi, and seeing from the determined looks of the Chinese banners which were posted across the road a few miles ahead that it was useless to carry a journey too far, I took advantage of one of the worst dust-storms of recent years to elude the vigilance of the French outposts, to retrace my steps unnoticed to Paotingfu. The following evening, when within a stage of Peking, I was arrested by a French soldier who had the impertinence to suggest that I was “lifting” horses and cattle by means of a forged order from Li Hung-chang. His rifle was loaded and pointed in my direction, but fortunately while I was explaining matters in my Parisian accent, which was naturally unintelligible to the Pion-pion, and was inwardly expecting every moment to be my next, a German officer came on the scene, to whom with perfect aplomb I addressed a few such current phrases as “Wie gets” and “Auf Wiedersehn”; and he, flattered at my knowledge of his barbarous tongue, explained to the French soldier that I was an English officer, and obviously, like the rest of my kind, a little mad. Whereat the Frenchman reluctantly lowered his rifle and I was able to proceed on my way with my loot—I mean my ponies. You now see with what foresight I had donned my uniform.

Peking was reached next afternoon; four hundred miles or twelve thousand *li* in four days and four nights. Magnificent achievement, surpassing the famous ride of Archibald Forbes and incidentally leaving Spindel-Biedelstein hopelessly in the rear. But about the Fight? I had forgotten. There was no fight, of course. The French never fight, do they? Naturally I knew that before I started. But what a splendid chapter for my forthcoming volume on the Operations in China!

There was a theatrical colonel,

Whose appearance was almost patolonel,

But, in spite of his age,

When he went on the stage

No stripling from Sandhurst so volonel.



## *A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.*



### **No. IV.—*The Chaa-szee.***

*Lo, chicks, the ve-ry last Chaa-szee,  
A race that throve by sip-ping Tea!  
(Gos-sip-ping Tea I do not mean  
Like Ma-ma and Aunt Jo-seph-ine,  
But on the harm-less or-al plan  
Of the Li-cen-tiate Wash-er-man).  
Chaa-szees at Toi-let did not waste*

*Time; their af-fairs were all of Taste,  
But de-cen-cy they did not shirk  
So wore py-ja-mas at their work.  
Where are they now? "Twixt Cup and Lip,"  
The Pro-verb saith, "there's ma-ny a slip,"  
And, save this spe-ci-men, they've gone  
To glo-ry, As-sam or Cey-lon.*





CHINA.—“Run away and squabble somewhere else.”

THE POWERS.—“We won't go till we are paid.”

**N.B.**

I like to see my name stuck up within the German tent,  
Or on a Registered Receipt, for something somebody has sent,  
But there's a spot I know, on which these places aren't a patch.  
I want to find my name with theirs who get their wines from Hatch.

The Editors of the “RATTLE” invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope*.

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, FEBRUARY 1902

[No. 6

## EDITORIAL.

WE had some thought of apologizing for the late appearance of this number and had even decided on whom, of the two, we should cast the blame—on the printer or on the publisher. But the next number is going to be ever so much later, nor do we know (with certainty) when, if ever, there will be a next number. For, to break it gently, it is more than possible that no such thing will ever see the light. Our principal artist and our busiest compiler are going home, the former to study golf and the latter histrionics, and we cannot shut our eyes to the danger that looms large in our sight. The one, if his training progresses as satisfactorily as we hope it will, may be engaged by some leading club in England as a professional; the net of Sir Henry Irving is spread wide for the other and may catch and keep him. And so, while we do not say positively that FINIS must be written at the foot of this number, we suggest to those of our readers who have subscribed and paid for more than six numbers of Vol. II of the "RATTLE" that they should apply to the publishers for a refund. If the publishers decline to gratify them they can then decide whether to slay the publishers or not.

It should be mentioned, by the way, that our artist has been ready to go to press any day within the last two months, and consequently has spent a great part of that period either in abusing his fellow-workers as persons of talent with purely paralytic proclivities, or in entreating them to "get a move on"—alternately damning them with faint praise and praying them with faint damns. They answer more or less like this:—

Our splendid literary powers,  
Our inability to act,  
Are not your fault nor are they ours;  
It's just hard luck—and that's the fact.

This little rhyme is spontaneous and, if rather weak in melody, yet expresses aptly enough the

meaning which it is intended to convey—namely, that we are playthings of fate, and have but little control over our destiny.

There are some good things in this number, just as there is sometimes a good a 10-cent piece in a plum pudding, but if one eats too quickly one may miss the prize or worse still one may swallow it. So be careful and go slow.

## EN PASSANT.

IN that the "RATTLE" has been unduly silent for some time past, some sort of apology is due to our patient friends the subscribing public; but we have no intention of following one of the many evil practices of modern journalism by taking the said public into the boudoir of our confidence and explaining in detail our excellent, but purely domestic, reasons for remaining inarticulate. For a while the "RATTLE" has not rattled: cela suffit! And, if there is any consolation in the thought, it is not likely, in the absence of H. H., our godlike and only artist, to rattle again for some time to come. To us, sitting in the editorial sanctum, there is mead of joy in the reflection that our deathless contribution to the gaiety of nations will be missed; that, in parlour and pub, fair women and brave men will class the "RATTLE" with their absent friends and look forward to its return. Even the sweetest voice may gain by virtue of occasional lapses into silence. Housewives please note.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Sir Robert Hart, Bart., the "RATTLE's" sincere congratulations on the latest addition to his long list of honours, and may the Heir Apparent show his new Junior Guardian all proper respect. That there is apparently no heir is a matter which in no way affects our appreciation of this historic event. First catch



your Guardian, says the Empress, and time will show whether "there's Heir" or not. As for Sir Robert, he may be expected to enjoy the change from marking time at the Tsungli Yamên to beating the Air in high places. The deposed Heir is now learning to take heart of grace, while the new one—when he materialises—will no doubt learn his grace from Hart. So the mad world wags on; but when next the dear old Empress takes to Boxing let us hope she'll remember to be kind to "dear Guardy."

It is good to read in a veracious press that the august sovereign of this great Empire, the Amiable-to-the-verge-of-weakness Dowager, made her entry into Peking after the manner of Niobe—"all smiles." Equally pleasing to note that she bowed and nodded repeatedly to the crowd of foreign diplomats, journalists and ladies perched on the grim gateway around which her Boxer legions stormed in vain some eighteen months ago. Then it was guns, now it is bows,—a killing smile instead of murderous guile, and the Diplomatic Body, as usual, is entirely satisfied. But even in Peking there are a few persons who attribute those smiles and bows, not so much to the Amiable One's delight at meeting her foreign friends again, as to the salutary effect upon her active mind of Thomas Atkins and his brethren in arms. We have read and we know that even a simple male can smile and smile, and be a villain. As to the poor old lady's real feelings when she got home to find all the furniture broken and her pet objects of "bigotry and virtue" gone,—well, no doubt, she will come in the fulness of time to appreciate our taking ways. But her house-warming speech is not given in the "Peking Gazette."

In our youth we were taught to love and respect the goose that laid its golden eggs, for which reason (sentimental, if you like) the spectacle of Sheng laying foundation stones impresses us and cheers. That persuasive Pluralist, despite bad health and the anxiety of being another of the Heir Apparent's Guardians, loses no time in assimilating the fashions of the hour; the example of those successful hybrids Wu Ting-fang and Lo Feng-loh is contagious—and no doubt we shall soon see Chinese dignitaries addressing the Big Feet Society on "Mencius's estimate of Women" or becoming Freemasons, with two nights out a week.

Bridge, the divider of homes, is said to have reached Hongkew and to be creating its usual havoc in those erstwhile peaceful and domesticated regions. No longer is the pilot's wife the pilot's bright and particular star, for in matters pertaining to kitchen and kids the staid and thrifty matron of happier days now says "Partner, I leave it to you"; hearts, whose

worth is more than diamonds, are sacrificed to Clubs—ladies' bridge clubs. *Pour nous*, we have but one rule at, and for, bridge, which is, "no frumps"; therefore ease or difficulty in the same is a matter of environment only. The "RATTLE" respectfully commends to the notice of the "First Aid Association" a large and increasing number of homeless and distressed husbands and fathers.

If only the selection by the Powers of the diplomatic gentlemen who draw up protocols and treaties were made with regard to their knowledge of grammar and the dangers of composite composition, the little world of Chinese politics would be the better for it. As it is, Ministers, Consuls and merchants are now engaged—and will be for some time to come—in endeavouring to find out what the Diplomatic Body really did mean by the protocol of September last. Possibly the state of mind produced by the siege and the distractions of looting may have had something to do with it, but therein lies but little consolation for ourselves. Conundrums have their uses, but not in protocols.

Talking of looting, there are little rifts here and there as the outcome of those riotous and purple days in Peking, and some badly smitten consciences are giving back a little bit off the top.

The "RATTLE" regrets that lack of space prevents reproduction of the Burns dinner speeches. This being professedly a humorous publication we should, under happier conditions, have felt it our duty to do so, since we are assured by the local press that these speeches are sparkling gems of humour, of a high order of merit. That they were received with prolonged laughter and applause by our brethren from beyond the Tweed is on record—and to minds sceptical as to the exact nature and effect of a Scotch joke we trust that the fact will, in itself, suffice.

Tuesday the 9th proximo, being the birthday of the Archduchess Olga of Pumpenikel-Heutzenhensen, the men-of-war in harbour will dress ship in honour of the occasion. The Acting-Vice-Consul-in-charge will be at home to his nationals and other many friends, at No. 101 Mayblossom Terrace, Hongkew, from 10 to 11.30 a.m.

#### PORK PIES.

Eat, if thou canst, and make thy mock of those  
Who analyze the fragrance of a rose;  
But, if thou needs must question, yet forbear  
To ask the maker—for he knows, he knows.

O.K.







## JURISPRUDENCE.

---

"You keep a store"! the hireling cried  
 With low attorney's cunning,  
 "Think so?" the downy cove replied,  
*"I guess the store keeps Dunning."*

"In Nanking Road, at number nine  
 "You sell, it seems, a long list  
 "Of foods and drinks (including wine)  
 "According to the Hong-list."

"*A lie*"! says Ned, with smiling face,  
*"I thought a baby knew"*  
 "As soon as born that Dunning's place  
 "Was number thirty-two."

"Of duty and propriety  
 "One cannot have a high sense  
 "Who fosters insobriety  
 "Without the Council's license."

"How's that"? says he, "*you're joking then?*  
*"Why, Lord, he thinks he's caught me!*  
 "But I'm the kind of citizen  
 "That wants a license brought me."

"Those who defy the law, be sure,  
 "Are doing something risky;  
 "And yet you sold to A—r M—e  
 "That Cyrus Noble Whisky."

"Whisky"? says he, "*It's kerosene*  
*"For all I know about it!*  
 "I sold or gave what may have been  
 "Right Bourbon—though I doubt it."

"I call my stuff what names I please  
 "And folks are free to hope  
 "That what I sell to them as cheese  
 "Is anything but soap."

"Though margarine and turnip root  
 "Are words I seldom utter  
 "Perhaps they really constitute  
 "My marmelade and butter."

"I say '*perhaps*,' I do not know,  
 "I never make a trial,  
 "And if you asked me '*Is it so*'?  
 "I'd give a flat denial."

"It's true I sell to passers by  
 "But oftener my fate is  
 "To very willingly supply  
 "Their wants for nothing—*gratis*."

---

In judgments lucid, brief and dry  
 My art is ;  
 No task of mine to satisfy  
 The parties.  
 True that this person keeps a store  
 And (punning)  
 True that the shop keeps him—a score  
 For Dunning.  
 I think the Hong-list's number nine  
 Misleading,  
 But how on earth can I refine  
 The pleading,  
 Or hide from the judicial eye  
 The danger  
 Of blaming men for actions by  
 A stranger?  
 To call it Bourbon's going far  
 (Agree it)  
 When he himself declines to guar-  
 -antee it,  
 But whether Bourbon's what he has  
 Or cheeses,  
 A man is free to give them as  
 He pleases.  
 Support the Councillors I must  
 Whenever  
 They ask my aid for any just  
 Endeavour  
 But fining for I know not what—  
 The fact is  
 Such excentricity is not  
 My practice.



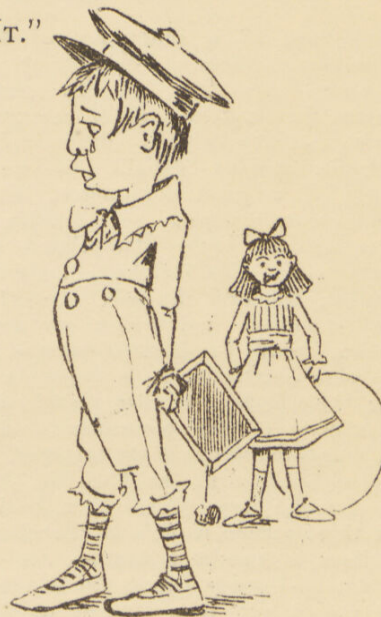
## SHAKESPEARE RECHAUFFÉ

OR

JUST "AS YOU LIKE IT."



At first the infant, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard.



Then the whining schoolboy, sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow.



And then the lover, in fair round belly with good capon lined; and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound.



Then a soldier, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms in second childishness and mere oblivion.



## A DAY AT THE TRADITION OFFICE.

IT was noon of a sultry August day and the deserted precincts of Westminster lay steeped in unwonted sunshine. In St. Stephen's and Parliament Street were none of the usual signs of legislative activity wherein determined droves of transatlantic tourists delight to recognise the machinery of a great government. If the wheels of Empire were revolving, no indication of the fact came to gladden weary Baedeker schoolmarm from the other side. Robert, majestic even in perspiration, remained the only outward and visible sign of dominion and power at the centre of civilisation. Stuffy bus-loads of parsons and country cousins were converging on a remnants sale at the Stores; these looked, as they passed, on the slumberous majesty of their government's offices with the listless unspeculative eye of the taxpayer.

I had business at the Tradition Office relating to unredressed injury suffered by a British subject in one of those remote corners of the globe where the breed loves to wander and stray. In the peaceful backwater of Dormey Street the tide of London life moved not at all; to a stranger its dignified calm would have suggested rather some prehistoric shrine than the central point of a nation's activity. Blue gray pigeons were feeding peacefully in the solemn court where a hansom-driver waited listlessly for his fare, exchanging drowsy commentaries on the art of government with a porter resplendent in white gloves and buttons. Nothing here to remind one of the storm and stress of the realities beyond, nothing to speak of lost legions of Britons overseas, unless you could find it in the mournful statues of departed statesmen or the whirl of a little Parisian's skirt as she came familiarly down the broad stairs. And her appearance there struck the mind as inappropriate, bringing with it a vague sense of mystery and unreality. Of a person whose manly breast bore glittering trophies of many a good campaign I enquired my way, asking for the local habitation of the Hon. William Dryftwoode, to whom the initiated had referred me. It is unnecessary to describe particularly the place occupied by the Hon. William in the order of things created, suffice it to say that in the House he is regarded as one of the permanent and sacred institutions of the country, without whose assistance the whole thing would probably go to pieces.

My friend of the medals first looked at me doubtfully, then at his watch. The hour, he reproachfully observed, was but half-past twelve; the Hon. Mr. Dryftwoode seldom came to his office before two. Also, he was leaving town to-morrow. Would I wait? Having come some thousands of miles, I thought I would, and was accordingly shown through pillared corridors to a high-ceilinged waiting-room, where, probably to induce a proper spirit of humility, the enquiring Britisher is edified with

French and German newspapers only. On my way to this quiet resting-place, I was impressed by overhearing one very beautiful young gentleman telling another in a languid voice that "Branborne had been stuffing them up as usual last night," a remark which appeared to afford them both no little satisfaction.

I spent an hour or more between the *Figaro* and the contemplation of a pair of pelicans making leisurely toilet on their little island kingdom in St. James's Park over the way. Surely, thought I, no more dignified, no more enviable profession can there be than to sit looking out day by day on such a scene as this, a constant procession of the human comedy set in the finest piece of decorative gardening in Europe; small wonder if the sordid cares of statecraft, of diplomacy and policies fade, under such conditions, to their rightful insignificance. And after all, if you can only relegate Whitaker and Blue Books to their proper place, and look at things in the right philosophic vein, what are all your international relations more than the aimless buzzing of fussy insects? This, I imagine, is the real attitude of the Tradition Office towards all questions except, perhaps, that of salaries and birthday honours, and its explanation lies, no doubt, in the view across Saint James's Park.

At about two o'clock a functionary, heavy with exposition of beer-fed slumber, came to announce that he had taken my card in to Mr. Dryftwoode, who would be disengaged in a few minutes. He disappeared, and thereafter in those spacious halls deep silence brooded undisturbed for an hour. The Park was almost deserted, the pelicans were dosing, and I had long since read all the selected scurrility of the French and German press. At three o'clock it occurred to me that probably everyone had gone home, leaving me, forgotten and alone, in this melancholy place. The thought was sufficient to drive me out again into the echoing corridors, searching eagerly for a human being. Having found the beer-fed one, sleeping in a box evidently intended for that purpose, I sent him off once more to see whether the Hon. William had succumbed to the weight of Empire. In a few moments he came back, mopping a troubled brow. "Mr. Dryftwoode will see you at once, sir." Then, in apologetic undertones,—“fact is, sir, we forgot all about you. It's a 'ot day, sir, isn't it?"

The Hon. William Dryftwoode, postprandial slumbers suggested on his heavy eyelids, bade me welcome; a stately gentleman in his early seventies. The scene of his labours was a splendid example of British solidity and comfort—high windows, severe decoration, heavy morocco lined furniture, ponderous volumes, portfolios and despatch boxes—all was in keeping with the high office of those elected and paid to keep watch and ward over the Empire's destinies. "And this," thought I, "is he whose name is a household word in all those lands and seven seas where the Britisher strives to uphold his birthright. From this, the fountain-head, the Most Hon. the Marquess of Climesdown, derives his inspired utterances; in this spot is framed and begotten that



flabby invertebrate thing known as Britain's foreign policy, cursed by Anglo-Saxons throughout the five continents. Instinctively I looked out on to the Park. The pelicans were still dosing.

Duly bidden, I unburdened my soul; the story of one Englishman, whose wrongs the Empire had left undressed, was told. The tale was a simple one and the Hon. William was sympathy itself. The first thing to be done, it appeared, was to communicate with one of the officials of the Polonial office. Would I call to-morrow, when he would be glad to give me a letter to the gentleman in question and discuss the matter further?

I gently deprecated the suggestion. "If equally convenient," said I, "and since I understand that you are leaving town to-morrow, I would prefer to take the letter to-day." Mr. Dryftwoode made a pencil note on his blotting pad—referring no doubt to indiscreet porters—and accepted the position with well-bred courtesy.

"By all means—you shall have it at once." Selecting two sheets of paper and a quill pen, the arm-chair was drawn up carefully to the desk as if in preparation for a solemn and unwonted rite. The paper was of small "note" size requiring frequent applications from a mediæval sand-caster, and progress, compared with that of ordinary epistolary effort, was slow. While the shrill squeaking quill continued its laborious task I took mental notes of the scene, firmly convinced that in the years to come their recollection would afford full and satisfactory explanation of things otherwise inexplicable. The inventory is with me still—the neatly folded papers, bound with that

foul frail red tape which strangles ever  
The honest energetic fool's endeavour,

blue paper "squills" on the mantle-piece, backed by a neat row of invitation cards; the diaries, schedules, maps and records, each in its appointed, unfrequented place. In the centre, huge, symbolic, and of threatening mien, stood the waste-paper basket, receptacle of myriad hopes and fears. Only the historic pigeon-holes were wanting; these doubtless stretch, in miles of catacombs, beneath the building.

My train of thought was interrupted by the ceasing of the quill's long-drawn protests.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Dryftwoode, looking up "what did you say is the name of our Consul at Chindor? I have forgotten it for the moment."

I ventured to remind him that the Consulate in question had been abolished three years before.

"Ah, so it was. How very unfortunate.—The Treasury, of course." He said "Treasury" as other men use terms of reproach.

Once more the quill's lament smote the silence; then suddenly it ceased and he rang a tinkling hand-bell.

A young man came in, like Agag, delicately. He had a pimply face, eye-glasses, and that indescribable alien air noticeable in most of those who nowadays compete successfully for our Civil Service Exams. His name, it appeared, was Werther, and he looked it. "I am writing," said the Hon. William, "a letter for this gentleman who has business at the Polonial Office. It refers, Werther, to that incident at Chindor; no doubt you remember? I propose to address myself to Sir Francis Wobbell, who was originally interested in the case. Can you tell me whether he is in town at present?"

The confidential clerk scratched one leg with the other and looked curiously at his chief. "That was a year ago, sir," he said; "Sir Francis resigned in April, and has since gone abroad. A letter to Sir Arthur Skuttell would probably be best." There was no sign on his face either of surprise or any other emotion.

"Why, bless my soul, that is so—how stupid of me to forget! Now that I come to think of it, he wrote to me from Norway a few weeks ago. Lovely spot he was in too; knew it well myself in the sixties." And the dear old gentleman stroked his contemplative brow in silence. The clerk softly withdrew.

Apologising for the delay, a second letter was written, wherewith in due season I went forth. Of my subsequent journeyings and fortunes between the Tradition and the Polonial Offices, this is not the place to speak; but between them there was brought home to me light and knowledge as touching those things which underlie and explain the mysteries of our system of government. Now, when I hear—as one frequently does—abuse of a Minister or Consul *in partibus infidelium*, there comes to me the memory of that August afternoon, the soft slumbering Tradition Office, with its old-world ideals and fixed habits of uselessness, and remembering the pelicans in their sunny English garden, I join not in the chorus of cursing. What is the good of it?

#### LI HUNG CHANG.

Good folk who are planning a trip to the skies

May possibly care to be told

That the country is greatly diminished in size

And the outlying provinces sold.

'Tis the work of old Li, of Manchurian fame,

Whom the devil dismissed in disgrace,

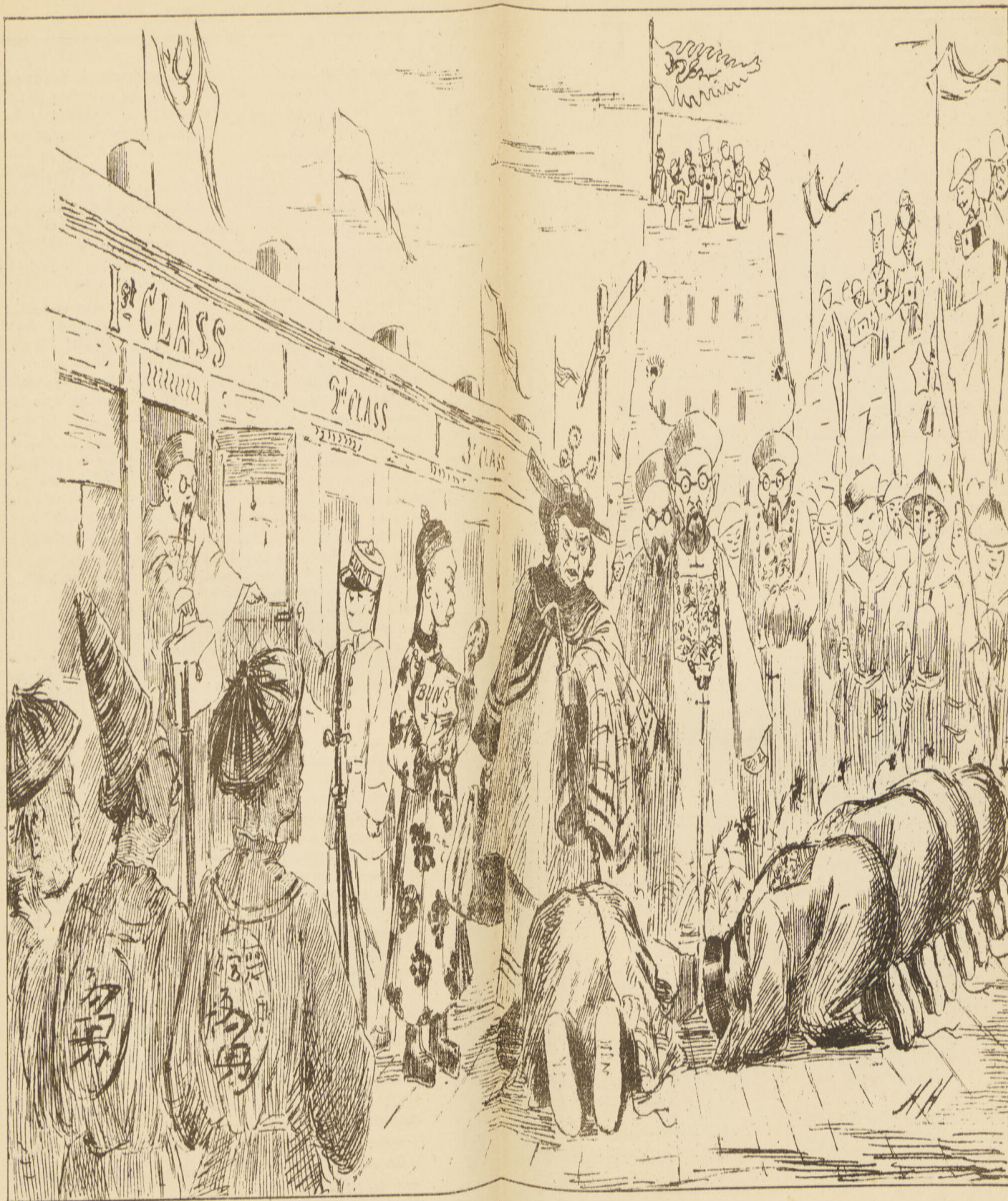
And who's reckoned aloft (by a biblical name)

As the wealthiest soul in the place.



PEKING, 7th January 1902.

Their Majesties arrived at Machiapu terminus by Imperial train from Paoing to-day at noon.—[Special Telegram.]



EMPERESS DOWAGER [to prostrate high officials].—Now then! Don't go on grovelling like that all day long! Get up and make yourselves useful. The heavy trunks are in the luggage-van and all the small parcels in the carriage. Ching has got the tickets. Let Jung Lu carry my jewel-case and Kwangie's kodak, and tell Kung to call a four-wheeler chop-chop. My holy ancestors! but it's good to be back home again.



## FRATERNAL.\*

We have swept and garnished your ancient city  
 And little is left to covet or burn  
 Nothing worth mentioning more's the pity—  
 When, O when, will the Court return?  
 All that was cream is gone to the churn,  
 Looting has hardly the zest of yore,  
 Then come from the haunt of the coot and hern  
 To the love of a brother Emperor!

Our fort is finished and really pretty,  
 Will you grudge us the thanks that we toiled to earn?  
 (Your climate was good but the dust was gritty)  
 When, O when, will the Court return?  
 Brothers are kind though an Aunt be stern,  
 Hatred is wicked and strife a bore,  
 So bury the hatchet and do not spurn  
 The love of a brother Emperor!

The Japs are gentle, the French are witty  
 But money, I fear, is their sole concern;  
 The Russians I reckon as mere banditti—  
 When, O when, will the Court return?  
 Though our task is ended we can't adjourn  
 Till we see you settled at home once more  
 Digesting the lesson you had to learn—  
 The love of a brother Emperor!

## ENVOY.

Prince, I doubt if I greatly yearn  
 Either for you or your Court's return  
 But I'd like to see you kiss the floor  
 For love of a brother Emperor.

\* Little recked the author of this contribution what an unconscionable time No. 6 of "THE RATTLE" would take to incubate.

## CALLOW.

Amanda, when the leaves  
                                 Are down,  
 Or even if they've  
                                 Not descended  
 I always find you make  
                                 Me say  
 A great deal more than  
                                 I intended.

Amanda, when the days  
                                 Are dark,  
 Or even when the gas  
                                 Is lighted,  
 I sit incontinent and gaze  
 And never fail to  
                                 Get excited.

Amanda, by a silent pool,  
 Or just the same by  
                                 Running water,  
 I always give myself away  
 And say a lot more than  
                                 I ought ter.

Amanda, when the time  
                                 Does come,  
 Or sooner if it's  
                                 Long arriving,—  
 Good Heavens! girl,  
                                 You surely see  
 The point at which  
                                 I must be driving.





### THE EFFECT OF FUSIL OIL ON THE COMPASS.

Marvellous discovery made by Captain Swillington of the "Rum On."

#### SHANGHAI BRANCH OF THE R.S.W.T.F.

##### Autumn Session.

The following additions have been made to the Society's museum during the summer months:—

*Salix Tyackii*: Sweet William. When it has taken firm root it strikes out in all directions. Its cuttings are capital.

*Caldbeckia rotundiformis* var. *globulosa*: Liverwort. A very prolific but useful vegetable, used for feeding time-expired cattle for fattening purposes. Its effects in this connection are unlimited notwithstanding antidotes.

*Aioyulus Shroffii*: Chinese Forget-me-not. This common fungus blooms about the first day of the month. It has a disagreeable smell and has a persistent and searching growth.

*Ridentia Somnifera*: Red Rattle or Tickler. Domesticated, and, we believe, introduced into every drawing-room, where its delicate and neatly pencilled leaves may be found adorning every table.

*Auriferus Twentymanni*: The Shanghai Marigold or Dockweed. Much sought after on account of its great fructiferous properties. Is said to rival the bamboo in its rate of growth per diem. It however only blooms for a few days and then withers away.

*Grabbium Internationale*: Common Snapdragon.





### MAPS.\*

Long ere the first thin belt of metal spanned  
The Great Republic's western hinterland,  
When Indian merchants made their journeys in  
The jolting tonga or the palanquin,  
Baroda took a week to reach by sea,  
The Future's womb yet held the G.I.P.,  
In fact, when Hodge had hardly had his fill  
Of gaping stolidly at Puffing Bill,  
There voyaged to China, sailing round the Cape,  
The Angel Gabriel in modern shape.

Angel in truth, a harbinger of lines  
Whose magic girdle China's broad confines  
Were destined to receive,—with prophecies  
Of rich reward for railway enterprise.  
The weary voyage of almost black despair,  
Interminable bouts of mal-de-mer,  
By day the hum of wheels, by night no rest,  
For visionary sleepers on his chest,  
And for amusement pondering perhaps  
On eighteen provinces done out in maps.  
Would there were space or time the tale to sing  
Of those three moons' Homeric wandering:  
Haply 'twere best to curb the muse's tongue  
And land Ulysses breathless at Wusung.

Welcome there was, but welcome of a kind  
Least suited to the Angel's active mind.  
He had his seat at Ewo's festive board,  
The British Consul did him like a lord,  
But, when he broached the subject next his heart,  
His fellow guests would hurriedly depart:  
Each seemed resolved to mind his own affairs,  
They left him talking railways to the chairs.  
And so from house to house, from hong to hong,  
He tried to tell his tale, to sing his song.  
Deaf to his cry of "Progress," all in vain  
The March of Science and the Greed of Gain  
Were spread alluringly before the eye  
Of apathetic merchants of Shanghai,  
Deaf, I repeat, they wallowed in the slough  
Of mire as thick as clogs their children now.  
Saddened but dauntless, girding on his sword,  
As Paul of old resolved to preach the Word  
If not to Jew to Gentile, Those not These,  
The Angel spread his wings to the Chinese.  
The beady eye of Wong, the face of Chang,  
Receptive soil appeared. Again he sang  
Of transit swift, of dividends, of lines,  
Of great resources, minerals and mines:  
He laid a sample run, a mile or more,  
A sort of tram to go from door to door,  
Hope running high, he waited the effect  
As time or circumstances should direct.

From out the Taotai's yamèn stole a spy  
Who presently returned and in full cry  
A stream of tepaos, raggermuffins, boys,  
With tales of devils' smoke and hellish noise;  
Their story served to fan the smouldering hate  
Of the self-satisfied mandarin.

Is this enough? Or is there any need  
To tell the upshot. He who runs may read  
The end on Gabriel James's massive brow,  
The story has no terrors for him now:  
For smiling blandly when the tale is told  
How railway trains fell out in days of old,  
He draws like Archimedes in the sand  
Such lines as once were meant to sweep the land,  
He points to termini in fancy fixed,  
Leaving his listener befogged, betwixt  
The real China, miles of mud and men,  
And some fantastic picture from his pen.  
Turning from these to quieter lines, anon  
Degrees of longitude he lingers on,  
Or isothermal lines, whose interest failing,  
He gives attention to great circle sailing.  
Thus the great healer! Thus we see the lapse  
Of time produces Morrison on Maps.

\* "*Maps, their Uses and Construction*," by G. JAMES MORRISON, M.I.C.E., F.R.G.S., 1901; published by Edward Stanford, London.



# TRAMWAYS — A VISION OF THE FUTURE.



No. 1.—Clearing the Maloo.



No. 2.—The Tram Arrives.





HE.—Are you going to join the Ladies' Fencing Club?

SHE.—Oh, yes. We have such pretty costumes.

HE (at his best).—Well *you* won't require a foil anyway.

[And she, being simple, took offence.]



## *A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-po-lo-gy.*



### *No. V.—The Am-a-teur Dram-at-ic Club-man.*

*This is an A.D.C. "What's that?"*  
*Why, what an ig-no-rant young brat*  
*You are! It is so ma-ny things;*  
*To swim has fins, to fly has wings.*  
*It is a his-tri-on-ic freak,*  
*All lan-guage of the boards can speak*  
*As Hea-vy Fa-ther, Vil-lain, Clown,*

*High Ten-or, or a Bass 'Way Down.*  
*Those who can do most things quite ill*  
*Are oft de-scribed as ver-sa-tile,*  
*For 'tis but sel-dom that we light on*  
*A tru-ly Ad-mi-ra-ble Crich-ton;*  
*So, when you're big, you too may be*  
*A Ro-scius like our A.D.C.*



## FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON, 1st December, 1901.

I had just finished my luncheon of fried fish, and, musing amid the slush and drizzle on life's incongruities, was strolling along Piccadilly when I glanced at the newspaper that had held the bloater and read the following beautiful lines:—

### TO SPRING.

Hail smiling Spring! again you come,  
We welcome you with fife and drum.  
Hail to the King of Britons free,  
Of Britons at home and across the sea!  
Hail to our Queen! let chorus swell,  
She's sweet and dresses very well,  
A lesson to ladies, where'er they dwell.  
So sing or shout Long live the king  
And the blooming beauty of the Spring!

*A-fr-d A-st-n.*

Talking of bloaters that are muddy reminds me of a curious story of an Irish Member and his wife, a silky haired Boy and an Arctic explorer. These were lunching at a wayside inn. Being strangers they ate in fierce silence. Outside the village lads having taken the green shamrock flag from the Irishman's motor-car, for a military pageant, replaced it on the car of the Boy, who, when he had kissed his hand to a winsome face at a window opposite, hoisted himself on board, and was on the horizon just as the irate Mr. O'Doddra appeared. "He's shtole me car, the blayguard, and see phwat he's left behoid!" he shouted, and sprang into a very shabby little affair and was away at 65 miles an hour.

It could go, that car, and he would have caught the thief lots of times if he had stuck to the road more and let the young crops alone. As it was, he got to Margate a very bad second, made enquiries of the villagers and ran down the Boy at the Cliftonville. He didn't find his wife, who he thought was with the

Boy,—but of this he took no thought. It was the Boy he wanted, and he found him dining.

He was the kind of Boy that eats his food with feminine elegance—with his fingers all cocked up—a man who tempts one to say "You brute! how dare you be so graceful, with your pink cheeks and long eyelashes."

The O'Doddra, being Irish, was averse to having a row at meals, so he merely said "It's a fine car ye have, sor." "Yes," said the beautiful man, "it goes well. I've just bought it." "'Deed then, and is it paid for?" yelled the Irishman. "It is not," said the candid youth, with some surprise. "Then the stable yard 's a swate spot for business. Will ye meet me there?" "I will." He did, and knocked out the Hibernian in half a round.

Then, out of a cloud of dust and blasphemy, came a tired motor-car, out of which sprang an Arctic explorer. He made a line for O'Doddra, leaving a frantic woman in hysterics.

"A hundred pound I've lost over this blank run. Leading all the way from Newcastle. Give me my car, you blank Irish thief, and take back your blasted truck and wife. I'll have the law of you——me," etc. etc.

Then the Patriot, heedless of his wife and comforter, remembered and saw a fresh meaning to the old words "They're hanging men and women,"—and he hanged, and more also.

### N.B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope*.

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, OCTOBER 1903

[No. 7

## EN PASSANT.

THE "RATTLE" is nothing if not casual. It pleases us to burst upon a grateful world, like Mrs. Gamp, "when so disposed," coming forth, not at the stern bidding of creditors on a fixed date, but like crocuses, or policemen, when least expected. The public may thus account (or not, as it pleases) for the interval of some eighteen months which has elapsed since the appearance of Vol. II, No. 6. This much, however, we may say: So long as the River flows past the Bund, and so long as the Well continues to Bubble, so long will the "RATTLE" be capable of materialising, provided always Fate leaves us our Genius Pictorial.

Is he on leave, we chew the cud of stagnation; is he sick, we pause for his convalescence; peradventure, he sleepeth, only the morn can tell the prospect for the next issue; lastly, should he wed, that day were truly our Ides of March.

Perhaps 'tis foolish even to mention it, but the Archer Babe's abroad and weddings are in the air. Everyone whose circumstances permit is having one; the Cathedral is said to be booked up to Christmas, and the sacrificial altar welters in the prospect of some twenty-six victims. Is the season's great harvest of grooms in compensation for the backward cotton, or do we take an unnecessarily alarmist view of a very ordinary situation? In any case we dismiss the passing horrid thought and hasten to our muttuns.

While we have slept, the world, our little world, has been moving much as usual. As a geographical expression China has been modified and a certain amount of history has been made, most of it obvious and dull. To the casual observer, things may seem much the same. Manchuria appears to be where it was, the Empress Dowager continues to display her girlish abandon for the edification of Legations and globe-trotters, and the Wai-wu-pu continues in

business, watching the territories of H.M. Kuang Hsu dwindle and fade while gratefully pouching the proceeds. The Lessarning process is one which hungry mandarins can appreciate; for them, a pleasant life is of more account than a dynasty.

But despite the dullness of Legation days and the highly dignified calm which as of yore distinguishes life at the capital, the "RATTLE" has its doubts. Things are being done in the City of Dreadful Dirt of which no mention is made by the polite dignitaries who trump each others' best cards at the Peking Club, and the natural conclusion of these things will be one more river to cross for the Imperial Household and a house-warming at Hsianfu. One of Tsu Hsi's worst Abbots has lately been to confer with Mr. Lessar at Po-Yün-kuan, and now there is going to be a Russian railway from Kalgan to Hailar.

Nevertheless our sympathies are largely with the Empress Dowager. To begin with, she is a woman of ideas; they may be medieval and a trifle blood-thirsty, but they exist (which in the Place of Protocols is refreshing) and she sticks to them. The fact that she lacks a sufficient number of armed men to put them into effect and us into the sea is more her misfortune than her fault. But if the "RATTLE" is not much mistaken the old lady is going to have another run for (and then with) her money and to give her friends of the Diplomatic Body another opportunity of recognising her "amazing individuality."

And in the meanwhile she does not allow her pleasant chats with Mrs. Conger, the painting of her portrait, or the charming amenities with which she entertains her recently-bombarded foreign friends, to interfere with the serious business of a strenuous life. The sale of offices (hours 11 to 5) continues as of old; the levying of douceurs from all who come for audience, the daily discipline of her misguided nephew Tsai



T'ien, and the suppression of his friends the reformers, all this is enough to occupy any woman's time. The leisure left her for learning the cake-walk and for painting the fans required by her Legation friends is but little; as to the nice quiet chats with Li, to discuss new tortures for native journalists, these are things of the past, which may account for the sad want of originality in the killing of Shen Ke-wei.

Turning to local matters, here too we have had our little events, and of some the end is not yet. For the nonce the Public School is at rest and we are spared the painful spectacle of the passively resisting Nonconformist conscience in our midst; Treaty revision has pursued its farcical and quite useless way; while such matters as the "Supao" case, the question of Tramways and the state of the Yangkingpang, pass not away. Things like these have a way of remaining in a state of suspended animation, ready at any moment to emerge and prevent life becoming too pleasant.

Of the Yangkingpang we shall hear more when the Ratepayers meet next in high debate. In the meanwhile its spirit breathes in the following beautiful lines:—

I come from haunts of heathen men,  
Where few would care to dally,  
I gather filth from many a den,  
And drains from every alley;

I carry microbes up and down,  
I swarm with germs and midges,  
My horrid odours fill the town  
And rot the bunds and bridges,

And thus past George McBain's I flow  
To join the muddy river,  
And men may come and men may go  
But I go on for ever.

*Just forty years ago the talk began  
Of culverts versus creeks, and still it flows;  
We Britons call ourselves a hardy race,  
Our friends of France are still boulevardier.*

I chatter past the abattoir  
Through properties of Lester's,  
My mud resembles *café noir*,  
It oozes and it festers;

Yet Ellis calls me "silver streak"  
And other dainty fancies,  
Because he'd rather have a creek  
Than *boulevards*, would Francis.

So let the French proclaim their woe,  
Let doctors talk of fever,  
For Councils come and Councils go  
But I go on for ever.

A right hilarious afternoon was the medal-giving of the S.V.C., an animated bust *in excelsis*. Perhaps a sharp downpour of rain would have rounded off the jollity and given that final shake up which was all that was required to send everybody home in riotous good humour. The distinguished visitor had a smile for all and a quiet word of greeting for a few of the warriors; the smile was visible to the world but the greetings have been locked each in its own special bosom; so Sergeant McCormick and Gunner O'Driscoll are able to maintain that pregnant silence which signifies "Bertie Wales and I" in one breath. The muddle of sorting was immense, names were cried whose owners were either shyly beyond the pailings or altogether beyond the pale, eminent taipans, policemen, and others waited till, in despair of hearing their family inheritance vociferated, they mingled with the children gaping on the foreshore and wore the look of mere tired spectators. At the end came a scramble where the staff seemed like divers in a lucky tub, and Sir Ernest murmured with the patriarch "when will they be done?" The Band held aloof and discoursed tunes calculated to kill the kine within a mile radius; the Corps survived, being well beyond that limit. *It was fun.*

To anyone who wishes to appreciate the beauties of a free country by comparison, we recommend a visit to the cage where the Supao prisoners are awaiting the good pleasure of the Concert of Europe or the Diplomatic Body. That they will eventually get out—from the Supao into the soup is likely enough, but the question which wants answering is, how long is Shanghai going to keep these poor devils in durance pending a further polite communication from His Excellency Monsieur Sick'un de Whalebone or whoever may be the party that arranges these matters in the intervals of discussing the order of precedence at dinner? What reason have we for supposing that the "*auguste areopage*" as the French paper calls that invertebrate Body, will settle the matter any sooner than, say, the Conservancy Board? No, if the Chinese Government will not sue, the prisoners should be allowed to pow, and the sooner the better.

Is there a reader of the "RATTLE" who has not suffered from the nausea of the after-dinner song? If such a man there be, to him we dedicate the following in memory of recent sufferings in many parlours:—

#### THE SCAVENGER TO HIS CHUTE.

[From "*Songs before Breakfast.*"]

Every morn I bring thee Garbage,  
Which by daylight I have culled,  
And by night I pile thee carloads  
From pestiferous alleys pulled;

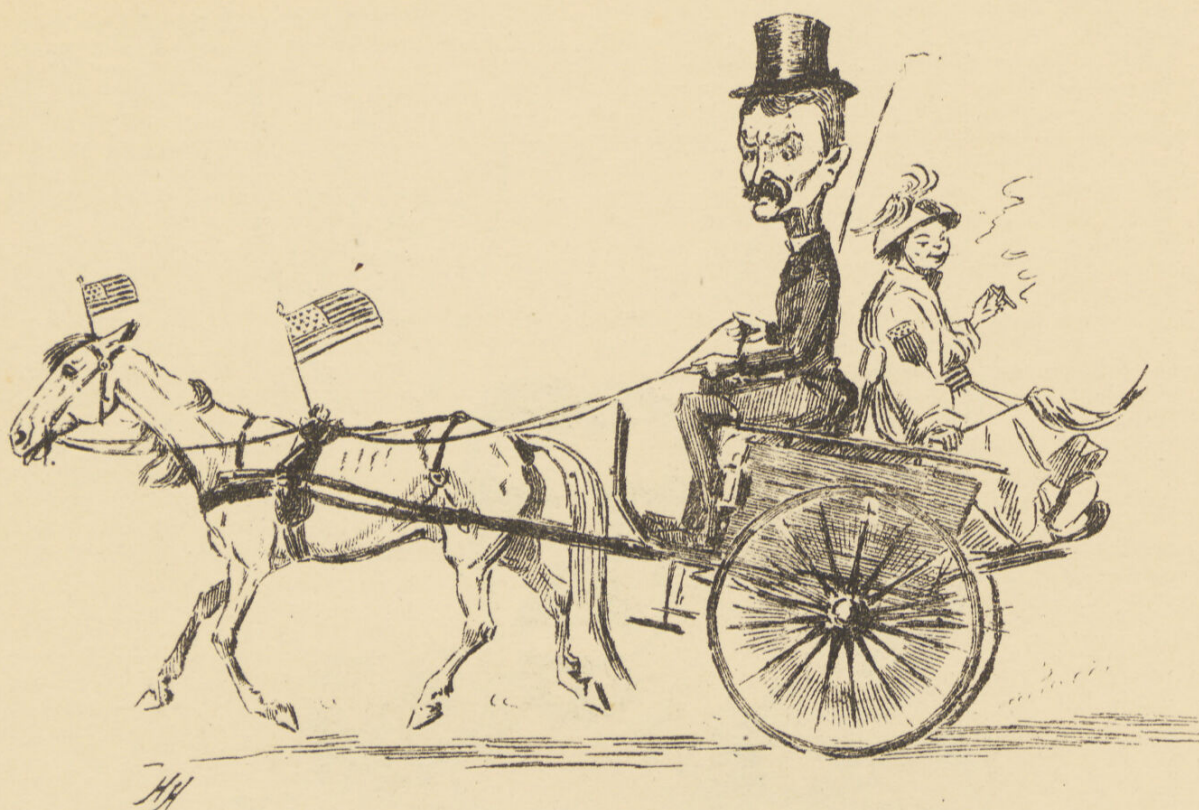
Guard, oh guard, these fragrant offerings,  
Speed them gently on their way,  
Till folks dream of thee the nightlong  
And expectorate by day.





CHARLIE'S NEW CLOTHES





THE DOYEN OF THE CONSULAR BODY.

## INTERPORT HONOURS.

The yoke on the shoulders of the selecting authority shall owe no extra pound to the RATTLE, that is to say the RATTLE will not suffer itself to nominate the occupants of those last two places in the eleven, no, not for all the gold in Weihai; but "Too old to catch or be caught" sends in the following lantern slides, and the gentle and indulgent one may make what he can of them.

"The Skipper."—Taken in order of personal beauty, skill and wiliness (all of which should go to make up an ideal leader) the captain comes easily first. Coupled with that bland suavity of manner so calculated to disarm opponents, we have the very quintessence of craftiness and subtle scheming. See how, with one flick of his fierce moustachios, he puts the bowler off as he is about to bowl and than swipes him callously to leg for four. What deep laid plots are being thought out beneath that spreading sombrero, who can tell? Let us rest content that in our skipper we have one whose knowledge and love of the game and its ins and outs fit him preeminently for the post he will shortly ornament with so much dignity and grace.

"Willie."—The most brilliant bat we have. Has a sweet disposition and is sometimes known as Sweet William on this account, indeed, it is a matter of the deepest wonder how he can bring himself to clump the bowling in the hard-hearted manner which is his wont. He is deceptive, speaking potentially, as you shall see: It is 3.15 on a hot Saturday afternoon and a wicket has fallen. The fielders are waiting for the next man in. He comes, guileless youth with mien so meek and manner so gentle that the bowlers' hearts are touched. He sends for his sweater—"poor fellow

he is delicate and so nervous" say the ladies in the tea tent. The first ball is a good hot yorker which would probably bowl two out of three men, but Willie blocks it and hangs his head in shame as much as to say that a man who can't score off *that* has no business in the team. Wait abit, however; after he has had about three overs he is spanking the best balls that the best bowlers can put up at him, like so much tosh and mind you, all so calmly and in such an apologetic way that when he comes out it actually seems natural to hear him say, "It was awfully good of you fellows to let me get a few runs," just as if the bowlers had not been in vain trying their best to get him out all the afternoon.

Heaven help the poor bowlers and fielders if Willie gets on the job. He'll be very sorry, he will not have meant to be cruel, but he will have taken a century all the same if only they give him half a slant.

"K. J."—It is most essential that the moral tone of a team be kept up, and, in view of K. J.'s official capacity in public life throughout the day, we can conceive of no fitter person for supporting the M. T. than himself. Of course he is a first-class bat and a first-class bowler, and he would far rather run a man out than run him in, but even then he would prefer to bail him out if possible. But when playing cricket the pitch becomes his beat and a ball needs more than a rather good pitch to beat him.

"Safe hands" is assured of a place if only to maintain the standard of beauty. As a bowler he is first class as he has a commanding voice. His greatest failing is that he gives away the secrets of his success too easily. One may frequently hear how one of his favourite dodges is to break six inches from the off and then next ball six inches from the leg on to the wicket. This was almost universally successful until those to whom he disclosed it so grossly



abused his confidence as to take advantage of the information, when, of course, as he says he dropped it. It is quite true that he never practises this wily dodge now. It is in the field of course that the "hands" come in, that is when once the ball is in them, but they are so large and unwieldy that what usually happens is that ere they can be collected a violent blow in the pit of the stomach temporarily allays all interest in immediate proceedings.

"G.M.B." may be described as a more than ordinary good-lengthed bowler. When in form he is most expensive on account of his great pace. In its passage through the air the ball not infrequently becomes so hot that it is impossible for the wicket-keeper to hold it.

Sad to relate an injury sustained in keeping goal at football has precluded all possibility of his acquiring his old pace this year, and he is now a fastish medium bowler with a lot of work on the ball, which unfortunately steadily refuses to come off. In this way the batsman is often deceived and loses his wicket. He relies now for wickets chiefly on his ability to contract his features into the most horrible grimaces with a view to intimidating the batsmen.

He is long-winded and long-legged with large expansive feet which give him a good grip of the pitch. As illustrating his great height, G.M.B. frequently complains, when batting, of the sun being "in his eyes" some time after it has, to the ordinary observer, sunk far below the horizon.

"Bill," the God-like and only, is remarkable for his speed and agility between the wickets. No finer example of the excellence of the climate and fare of Shanghai and its effect on the human form than that which would be afforded by the inclusion of Bill in the team, could be imagined. Not that we wish to insinuate that his functions would be purely and solely ornamental, for everyone knows that Bill *has strokes* and has given exhibitions, once this season in particular, of excellent all-round batting which no one in Shanghai could equal. As a bowler his pretensions are modest but as a point, in every but Euclid's sense, he stands alone. Although a rather too ample form prevents his hands from coming close enough together in front to allow of his catching a ball in that position, yet this only increases the danger of the batsman's being stumped or run out from the rebound.

His undoubted veracity as a raconteur should stand him in good stead, as no Interport Festival would be complete without a selection of his startling reminiscences.

"J.B.," than whom is there no better known sportsman in Shanghai. His county can even now be traced at times by his accent. Sometimes known as the "Evergreen" he well fits the name, for he is still as hard a nut to crack as most.

His abilities as a player are considerable, while at the festive board his fund of anecdote is inexhaustible. He thus alludes to the creeping on of old age:—

"Does ta think becoss tha's got a owd grey knobbed unto laike wi as tha can dew as tha likes?"

"Sithe, tha's a fule if tha does an' if tha says much tha'll get a rap ower t'nut wi this booit."

"Ere Fairbridge, tha knows, laike oup, it's a reet. Ah, can field 'alf a a-acre as long as tha does na beowl."

"Does ta wuk at t' mill?"

"Bu-oy coom 'ere let's 'a' summat t'et, 'ast tha got a shatta brawn."

Ah, thank the boss for what Ah'm gotten

But if there'd been more browt there'd a been more etten.

"Bertie" comes of a stock which it would be hard to beat. Himself a nice quiet lad with a kind face, quite content to remain at the wicket as long as the captain wishes, and unwilling to be reckless, he has many times shewn himself the mainstay of the side. Except for one slight display of spleen on the occasion of the last match with the Straits when annoyed by the approach of short-leg he furiously drove the ball hard between that player's eyes, his character is spotless.

"Dedi" o' that ilk has run into length somewhat and gets a big swing on a very fast ball. A great favourite with the tea tent, for is not youth in his favour?

"W.H.C.W." is acknowledged to be the finest exponent extant of the stroke which induces a shortish ball well on the off to betake itself round to square leg and it is from this that the name of the stroke—"the wipe"—is derived. Nevertheless, as the observant onlooker may have divined, it is not for his batting as much as for his wicket-keeping that W.H.C.W. is regarded as indispensable. Here again the dexterity and speed with which this player upsets the bail and the batsman's career at the same time have given rise to the expression for knocking off the bail to "Weippert" or "whip it" off. It is rumoured that much of W.H.C.W.'s skill is due to supernatural agency and this belief is strengthened by the legend that the dilapidated and worn out old tile which decorates the classic brow of the gentleman in question on the occasion of any important fixture, is in reality a toad-stool which was formerly a witch's resting-place. The evidence against this is that the hat of the legend was supposed to be endued with the power of imparting extreme beauty of countenance to its wearer! \*

## THE NEW CHUM.

Consul of Far Mexico,  
Welcome in our midst to-day;  
Glad to meet you, Sir; what ho!  
(In our democratic way).

Now the Clamp we used to know,  
By the kind decrees of Fate,  
With a pair of Gees shall show  
Pride of Consular estate.

Now to meetings he shall go  
With his colleagues polyglot,  
They shall hear from Mexico  
Whether Clamp has heard or not.

If no favouring winds should blow  
Nimble Mexicans this way,  
That wo'nt bother Clamp, you know,  
For they'll come to him in pay.

(Other Consulates ca'n't show  
Seven subjects to protect,  
Not a ship to fight the foe,  
Yet the Consuls don't object.)

Consul Clamp, now when you go  
Calling on the Taotai's lot,  
Do not queer the solemn show,  
Wear, oh wear, your chimney-pot.

Lots of buttons in a row  
Lots of little bits of lace;  
You can dress the part, we know,  
Do the thing with style and grace.

If you find the job is slow  
And their meetings far too long,  
See if you ca'n't make them go  
With a dance or patter-song.

Consul Clamp, again, what ho!  
Thou of Mexico, here's fun!  
If you're doubtful how to go,  
Keep your weather-eye on John!

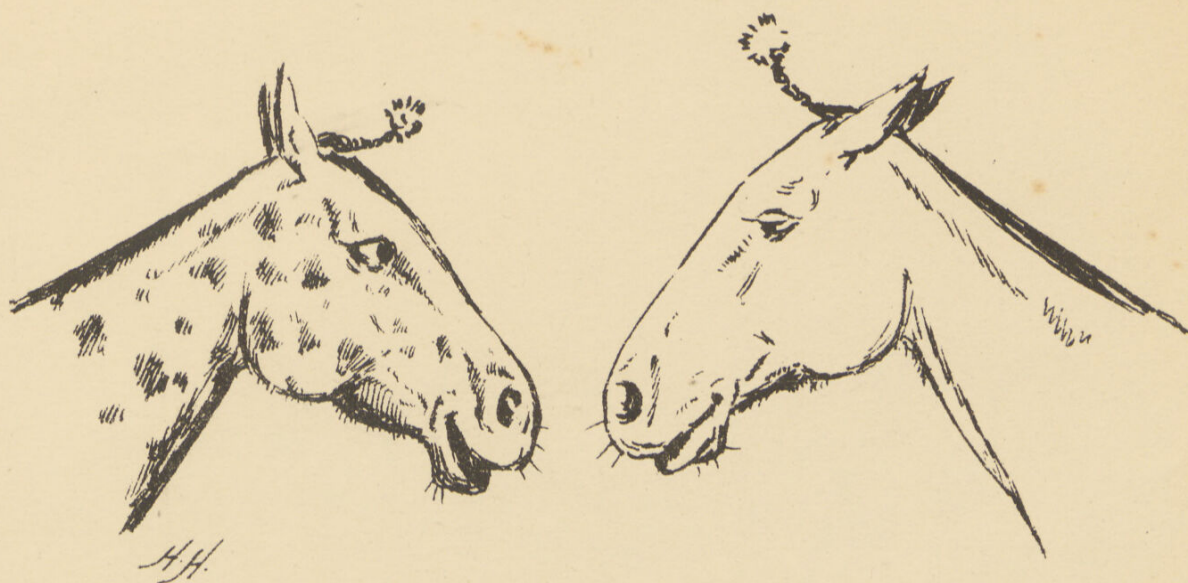
\* This article, like the Shanghai XI on the first day of the match, may be described as "after the ball."





*The Kung Boo Hen and the Su Pao Chickens*





Fei Loong and Fei Ma congratulate one another on the suppression of the Waler.

## THE BRIDGE

(A Fragment).

I sat over Bridge at midnight,  
As the clock was striking the hour,  
(The clock which shines o'er the Customs  
In its Moorish-Gothic tower).

I had time for mature reflection,  
A smoke and another drink,  
For Jones was playing a spade-hand  
And Jones is the deuce to think.

(He thinks like a Cabinet Council,  
And therefore it does seem hard  
That when he has made his mind up  
He plays the silliest card.)

I had time, I say, for reflection,  
('Twas a beautiful night in June,)  
And weary of Jones's features,  
I whistled a thoughtful tune;

And as glasses were slowly emptied,  
Waiting for Jones to play,  
The "boy" would glide in from somewhere  
And lift them and bear them away.

Ah, seeing that native's fleetness,  
And Jones, oh, so deadly slow,  
A flood of thought came o'er me,  
And my heart was a chunk of woe.

How often, oh, how often  
I have wished that some card-strewn tide  
Would take poor Jones and bear him  
On its bosom wild and wide,

Bear him, and leave him stranded  
In a place where lugubrious shades  
Play on for ever and ever,  
Making it always spades;

Trumping each others' winners,  
Getting the score all wrong,  
Wondering where the lead is,  
Arguing all night long;—

But I know that it may not be so,  
And that in the years to be,  
I shall find him there in the bridge-room  
Waiting to cut with me.

But when, in the Great Hereafter,  
Sound the Archangel's tones,  
It's morally certain, believe me,  
No trumps will awaken Jones.





FERGUSON'S GUARDS



## IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE.

Johnny swore a feud  
Which caused Ivan much trouble;  
Ivan thought he might  
Essay two rôles to double,  
Be Bear and Lion both,  
A ticklish game to try on.  
So Russki's still the Bear,  
But likewise does the Lion.

This Russki has a tongue  
Which condescends to flatter,  
A tongue which rattles off  
A fascinating patter.  
Now all its arguments  
A British author quickens,  
And Tolstoi yields the palm,  
To Pickwick and to Dickens.

At first he built a row  
Of slender wooden palings  
Which in a night had grown  
To graceful iron railings.  
"We block your view? Oh, no!  
You may look through of course-ski,  
In our Pickwickian sense.  
This is an Open-Doorski.

"Evacuate? You asked  
That undertaking from us,  
And, since we passed our word,  
Be sure we'll keep our promise.  
Fresh troops we're pouring in  
With calm reiteration?  
In our Pickwickian sense  
That is Evacuation.

"Restore Manchuria? Yes:  
Of course we mean to one day,  
We said on Tuesday week,  
Or did we mention Monday?  
But 'Monday week' implies,  
(No doubt you comprehended),  
In our Pickwickian sense,  
When fifteen years are ended."

On Newchwang's Custom-House  
What means the Russki banner?  
We're doing China good  
In our peculiar manner.  
The money's China's? True:  
We've always owned and said it,  
In our Pickwickian sense  
It's paid to China's credit.

Our new Siberian Route  
Is cutting out the ocean:  
We've comfortable cars  
And Poetry of Motion.  
"Oh, rats!" I hear you growl:  
You needn't be so furious,  
In our Pickwickian sense  
It's rapid and luxurious.

"Why so dissatisfied?  
Why this eternal mumbling?  
'But where do I come in?'  
Methinks I note you grumbling.  
You don't come in at all,  
Though you may think you ought to,  
Better accept the facts;  
I fear, dear John, you've got to."

G.M.H.P.



ALGY NEWSTUFF.—Say Freddy old man, where's  
Smith?

FREDDY.—Oh! he's down with Dengue.

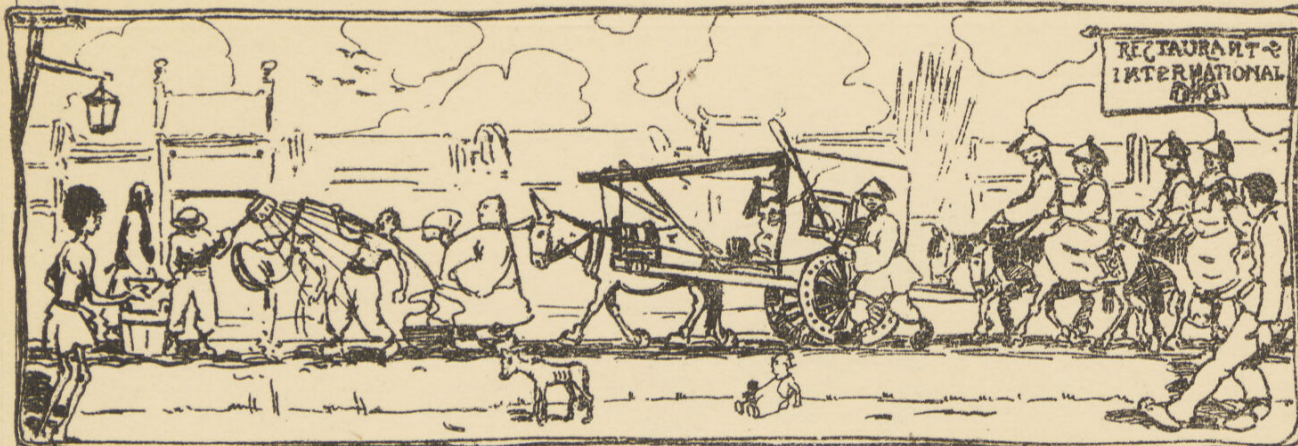
A. N.—By the way, who the devil is Dengue and  
where is she?

\* \* The answer to this conundrum, and  
interesting extracts from the Jerusalem  
Gazetteer, will be found in the pages  
of our so-called Senior Morning Con-  
temporary.



H. I. M. the Empress Dowager has at last consented to sit for her portrait.





PEKING UP TO DATE.

### A PALACE DIALOGUE.

Time, 5 a.m., August 18th, 1903.

Place.—The Empress Dowager's ante-room at Eho Park.

Persons.—Wing Kai, woman of the bedchamber.  
Lai Loh, a menial eunuch.

*Lai Loh.*—Get on with the work, thou slut. She is already abroad and may come at any moment, and then, who shall save the bones? Sweep up those melon seeds—take away the cigarette ash. The room is as filthy as those of Paotingfu.

*Wing Kai.*—Peace, old crow. This is the birthday of Tsai-t'ien, whom men in the eighteen provinces still speak of as Emperor. This morning she holds audience, so that he may pay her the nine kotows. She comes not here till midday. I shall take my time (*proceeds to light a Pinhead cigarette*).

*Lai Loh.*—Ay, it is his birthday, the fifth since he began to eat the rice of penitence. Hast thou heard, silly one, what gift she meant to offer him to-day?

*Wing Kai.*—More Russian roubles? Nay, he is tired of them.

*Lai Loh.*—No, nor yet another consort, for of them he is also tired. This time she meant to give him the head of Kang Yu-wei, pickled in Cantonese brine, but I hear it cannot yet be got. Those English dogs still guard him from the vengeance of Tsu Hsi: but she will have it, sooner or later, if it costs half the ransom of Su and Wang.

*Wing Kai.*—Well, thou croaker, what then? How spend we the day?

*Lai Loh.*—'Tis a Court holiday. The Princes and the Chiefs of the Eight Banners are excused from attendance. She has invited those foreign women from the Legations to tea; he shall sit

and hear her talk to them of western methods and reform: that always makes him melancholy.

*Wing Kai.*—What, are they coming again? Ay, the shameless ones! But is it true, old fox, that some of them were amongst those she tried to burn out of their holes but three summers ago?

*Lai Loh.*—Ay, 'tis true; more than one.

*Wing Kai.*—How come they here—dost thou not suspect treachery?

*Lai Loh.*—Thou brainless waterpot! As a melon in a field of yams is she—of greater understanding than all the women of the Chin Ch'ais' Yamens. She has them in her girdle even as the dogs of Li Lien-ying lie in his sleeve.

*Wing Kai.*—Oh, wise one! Truly thy brains are more than the hairs on thy face. And wherefore come they?

*Lai Loh.*—Are ye not all alike, ye mean ones of the inner chamber? Within the four seas truly all women are foolish. She catches them as boys catch larks, with mirrors; mark you, simpleton, these Legations have no mind of their own—where one leads, all the rest follow, like ants on a wall. Dost thou think that the women of England and America would sleep in peace if those of Russia and France came alone to tea with her? They are jealous, and fight amongst themselves: each wishes to be able to say "yesterday I saw the great Tai Hou." None, not even those who ate horseflesh in the Yingkuofu, could bear to remain at home.

*Wing Kai.*—Ay, thou speakest truth; they struggle for a sight of the Presence like dogs at the Hatamên. And what of the one who has come from America to paint the Great One's portrait?

*Lai Loh.*—It seems that they are to have a great festival where all the wonders of the world will be seen. Knowest thou not that, ever since she returned from Hsian, the old Wily One pleases



these foreigners by pretending to follow their ways? Is it for nothing that she allows them to swarm in the Forbidden City, that she loads them with gifts—at our expense—and permits those uncivilised daughters of Yü Keng to posture in barbarous foreign fashion within the sacred precincts?

*Wing Kai.*—What does she gain thereby, old tortoise?

*Lai Loh.*—Surely thou wert born on a foggy day! Knowest thou not that in the taking of gifts injuries are forgotten? And shall not all these Chin Ch'ais and their wives tell their own people that she who kisses them on the cheek and pretends to learn their devilish language, is the heaven-sent ruler and a benevolent woman? Shall they not believe that the I-Ho-Chüan were rebellious people, who did not her bidding—and shall she not the more easily prepare to rid the country of them all? Next time there will be no mistake.

*Wing Kai.*—If thy purse is as full as thy head, thou shouldst lend me ten thousand cash! Is it because she has them all in her net that Duke Lan now returns by night to the Palace and that she gives orders to slay those newspaper devils?

*Lai Loh.*—Ay, even thou canst see into a rice-pot when the lid is off. She has them now, as a hawk on the wrist, and they will do her bidding. Are not last year's make-face Edicts already as wastepaper, and is not Lu Chuan-lin a great man to-day, even as Kang Yi was before?

*Wing Kai.*—Doubtless thou art right. Nevertheless, I like these parties, and even the foreign devils have their uses. Knowest thou that one of them, an American, gave me five dollars for a chair-bearer's samshu cup? She offered me ten for one of the Old One's shoes, but I dared not.

*Lai Loh.*—Sell thy shoe, silly one; sell thy shoe. Before long they will get the boot also (*Exit Lai Loh; Wing Kai left thoughtfully smoking.*).

#### TSZ-LIN.

The morning paper editor, I speak in all humility,  
Accepts a lot of rubbish he should properly refuse,  
He doesn't seem to bother much provided he can fill it; he  
Thus justifies the soubriquet or nickname "Daily Snooze."

First there's Reuter, sometimes garnished with facetious local headings,  
Jaded jests that get no brighter when repeated day by day,  
Then the possible announcement of a pair of recent weddings,  
And a leader on the weather, or the I.M. Customs pay.

The minutes of the Council make a weekly dish of platitude,  
(Oh, the fabulous statistics of jinricssha tickets sold!)  
The views, the comments, and reports, and finally the attitude  
Adopted on a question after councillors have polled.

Sherry samples, novel birthday books with maxims from Justinian,  
These have their little ten-line space 'twere capacious to begrudge,  
But who, among your readers, ever values the opinion  
Which is only too transparently mere advertising fudge?

Now a correspondent prattles from his home in the interior  
Of a magistrate's misdoings from the mission point of view,  
His thermometer or rain-gauge isn't high enough to query, or  
His views about the paddy round the town of Ping-pong-fu.

The wail of the purveyor of electrical accessories,  
A never ending topic for a column, may be more,  
And of all the weary lines of thought the worst, I must confess, are his,  
His grumble has no interest and it seldom fails to bore.

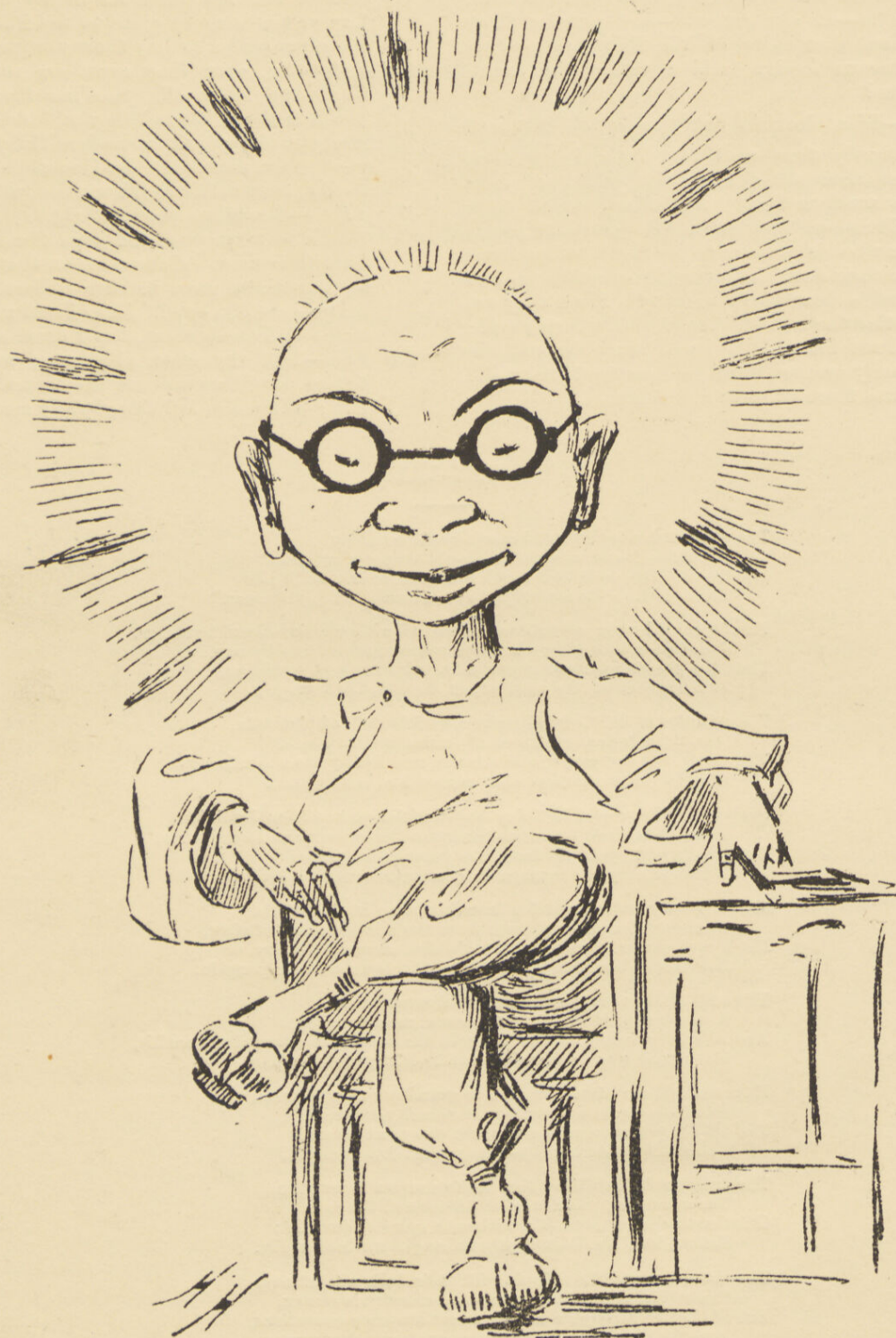
How scant is the attention paid to grandiose prospectuses,  
But little—save amusement at rapacity exposed,  
The only illustration of the way the things affect us is  
The smile of incredulity—the pocket firmly closed.

The caterwaul absurdities that Kuling seems to revel in,  
The missionary *potpourri* of babies and the rain,  
Gelatinous abstractions, Sir, without a spice of devil in;  
Return 'em, Mr. Editor, pray whang them back again.

The share list and the shipping fill their daily allocations,  
Their hold upon the populace admittedly is strong,  
But it's better through a broker to get accurate quotations,  
And the details of the steamers are invariably wrong.

The tale of your shortcomings might be carried on *ad libitum*,  
One little fact, however, it is only fair to state:—  
With all your faults, and Goodness knows in squillions you exhibit 'em,  
The coolie gets a wiggling if the morning paper's late.





## MEN OF THE MOMENT

*Portrait of Mr. .... (We are not permitted to mention the name) who is credibly reported to have bought a bale of Shirtings, paid for it and shipped it out of Shanghai! We cannot vouch for the truth of this story.*





## MUSIC AT THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

SCHERZO IN A SHARP (AND ONE FLAT).

## A MEMORY.

"I cannot but remember such things were."

—*Macbeth*.

"Let those now dance who never danced before,  
Let those who always danced, dance all the more."

—*After Parnell*.

*Cras saltet qui nunquam saltavit,*

*Quique saltavit, cras saltet.*

—*After Catullus*.

THE following lines, cast off some thirty years ago before Shanghai had quite accomplished the

tale of her salad days, and which by the merest freak of incidence have but recently come forth from their long hibernation, have reference to a feature of the times, and to a coterie which had more than an ephemeral existence, to whom it gave a name, not absolutely forgotten or buried yet, though admittedly moribund.

It was in the early seventies that the cult of Terpsichore became the passion of the hour, a time when there were but few dancing men, and fewer *danseuses* still, who had mastered the mysteries of the tripping *trois-temps*. But there were not wanting



those to rise to the occasion. Dancing was taken *au sérieux*, the daily practice too often impinged upon the sacred hour of dinner, while a matutinal gyration was not a thing altogether unknown. Well directed and concentrated emulation brought about that success which is said ever to attend intelligent and patient industry. Excellence soon characterized the new departure and popularity followed in its wake, to the utter dismay and despair of the *deux temps* dowagers who found themselves discounted by the new-fangled idea.

"Splendid isolation" was theirs who discovered their inability to "*reverse*," while demand for exponents of the art brought into being that little band of select elect into whose serried and impervious ranks 'twere hard, indeed, to obtain admission, and who saw naught in all its members but a rare perfection. This hero-worship, or mutual admiration, gave reason and justification for the cognomen "Symma," a name gloried in and "borne without abuse" for a generation by the envied members of the Shanghai Young Men's Mutual Admiration Society.

#### THE SYMMA'S SONG.

In Shanghai's model City  
Of piece goods, silk and tea,  
The Symma sets the fashion,  
Adorns Society.

We're young, genteel and pretty,  
A high-toned, soulful crew,  
The ladies think us witty;  
Be sure, we think so too.

#### Chorus.

For we're very fond of dancing,  
And you'll think us none the worse,  
That we *never* daunce with *ladies*  
Unless they can reverse.

We dress in last new fashion,  
Black socks and waistcoats white,

For Chinese Smallpage<sup>a</sup> clothes us,  
We're perfumed by Polite.<sup>b</sup>

Our functions are so varied,  
We'll mention just a few,  
To be a *puckah* Symma,  
This is what you must do.

Must find small talk for ladies,  
You must not make them blush,  
The secret of success is  
Perennial flow of gush,

Must hang around Church porches,<sup>c</sup>  
Though Envy dub you bores,  
Must fetch and carry prayer-books;  
Attend to brougham doors.

Must stand in front of mirrors,  
Must practice making eyes,  
At balls must wait at supper  
On her you patronize.

Gyrate in highest circles,  
Refuse no invitation,  
Remember that our motto's  
Mutual Admiration.

Now all you young new comers  
Who really wish to be  
Beloved of Shanghai's fair ones,  
Pets of Society,

Take your example from us,  
And practise well our rôle,  
Although we stoop to Commerce,  
Our life is *haute-ecole*.

<sup>a</sup> Celestial sartor much in vogue at the time.

<sup>b</sup> Shanghai's quondam Truefitt.

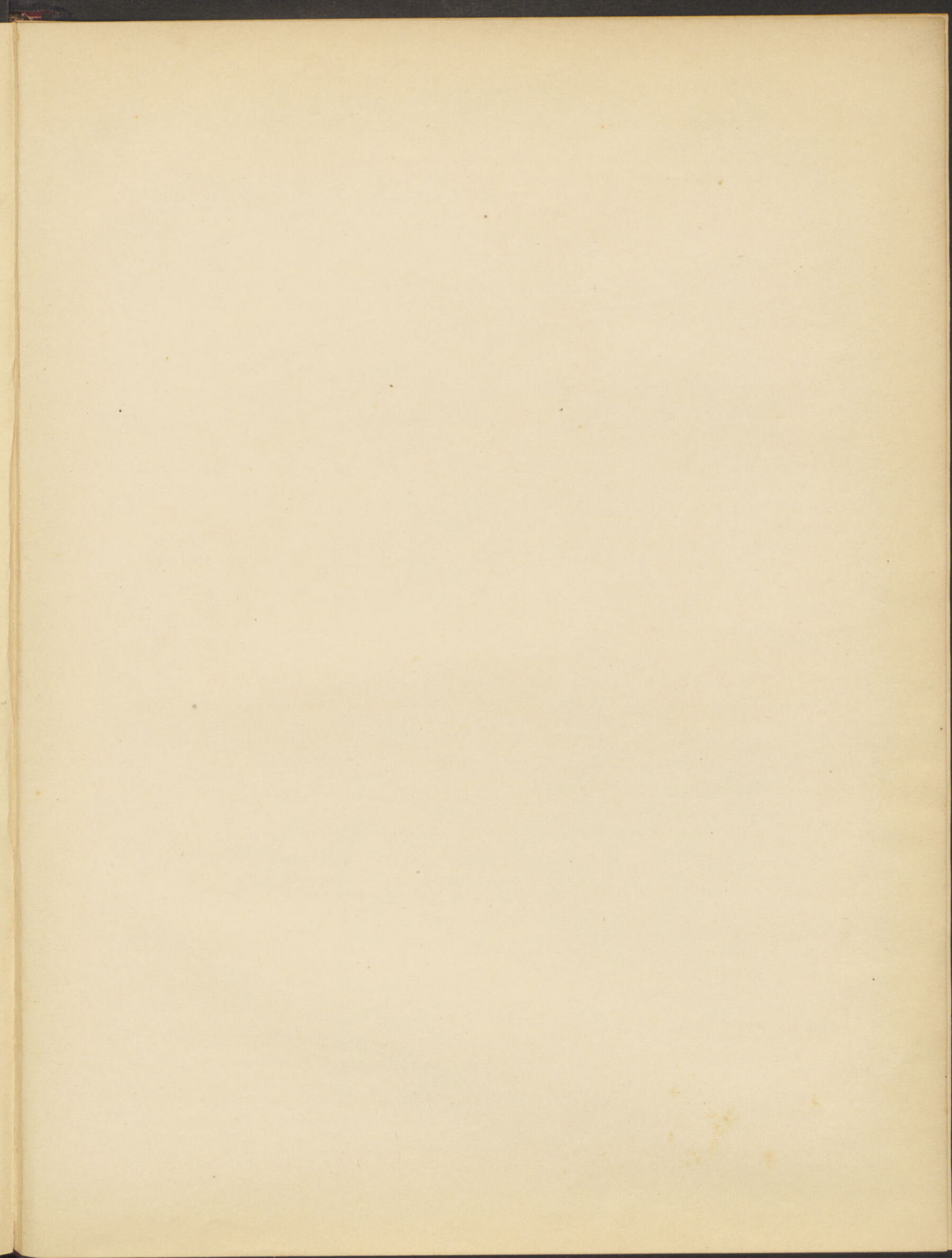
<sup>c</sup> Church was more fashionable then than now.

#### N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE," invite contributions of light articles, verses, and sketches. [Humourous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen or ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.

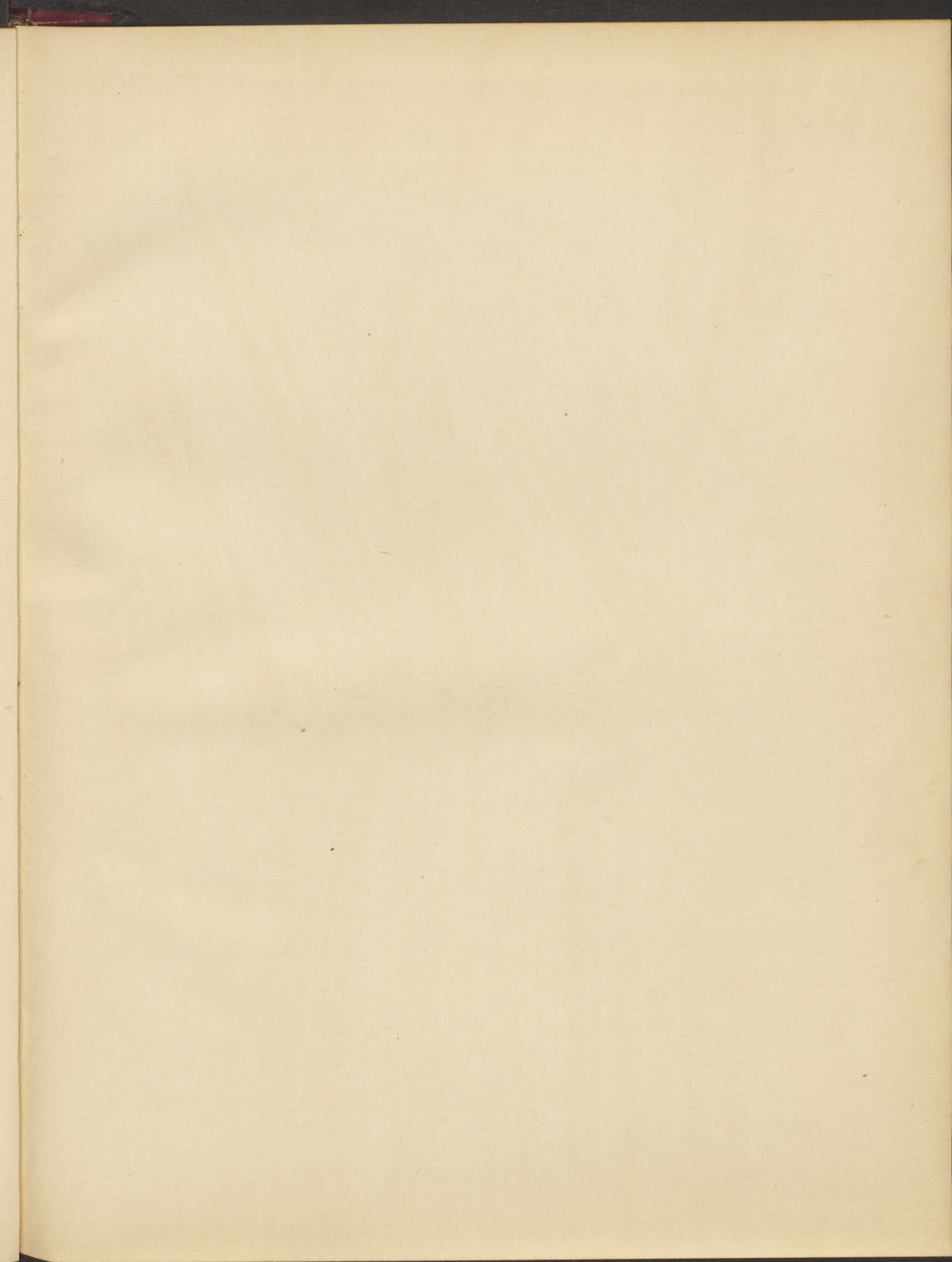




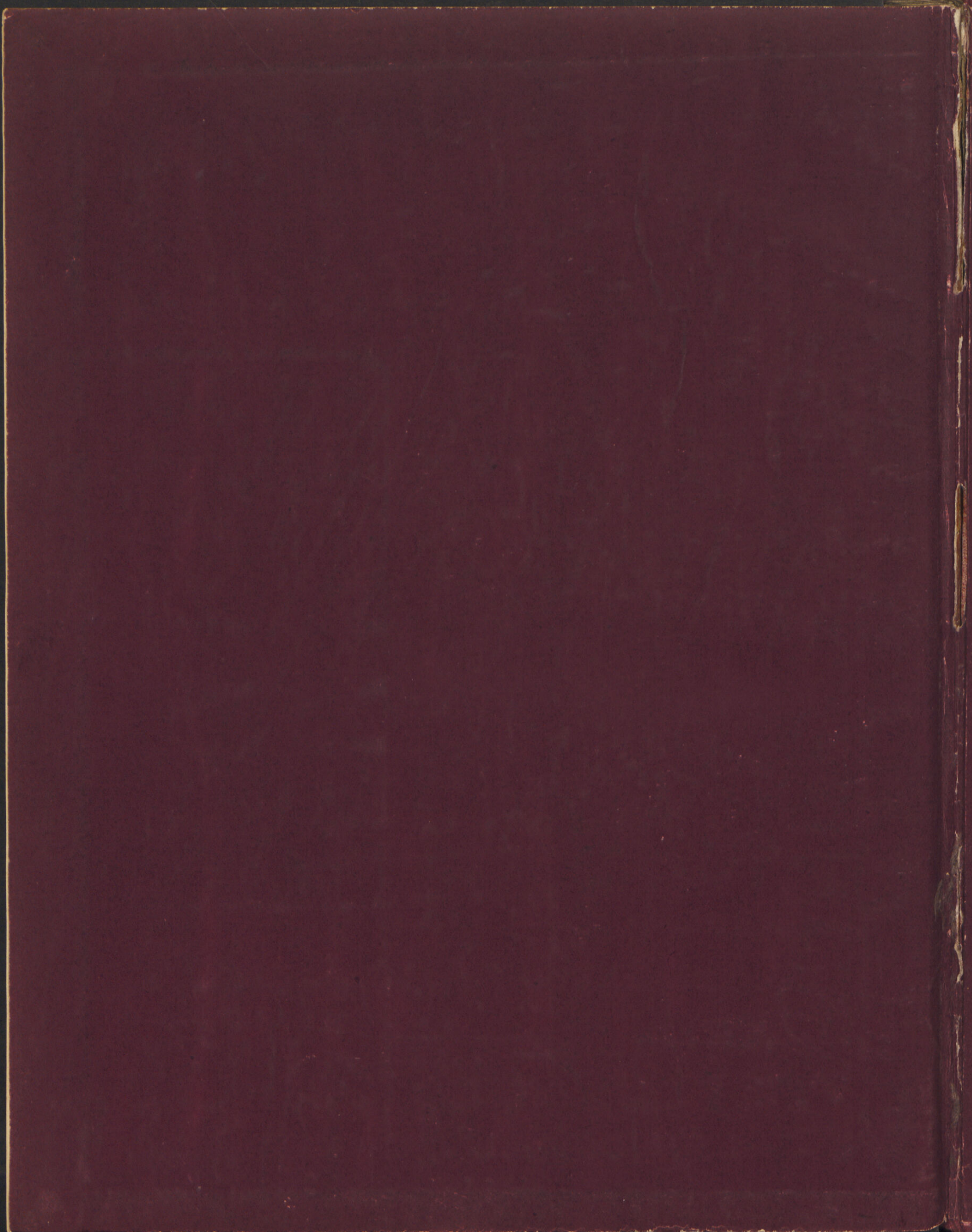














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